

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,929, Vol. 74.

October 15, 1892.

[ Registered for  
Transmission abroad. ]

Price 6d.

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## CHRONICLE.

### Home Politics.

TOWARDS the end of last week the new VICEROY of IRELAND declined to receive an address from the Dublin Chamber of Commerce on the plea that it contained "controversial matter." This controversial matter consisted only of a strong expression of adhesion to the Union, which, it need hardly be said, is at the moment the law of the land. So the QUEEN's representative refuses to allow the QUEEN's subjects to express their loyalty to the QUEEN's laws.—The nomination at Cirencester took place this day week. The Gladstonians had been introducing lambs to mob the country districts.—Police protection at the end of last week was being withdrawn in Kerry, thus keeping pace with the renewal of outrage.—The anniversary of Mr. PARNELL's death was celebrated in Dublin on Sunday with much fervour, and a pleasant comedy was going on between Mr. VINCENT SCULLY (a violent Nationalist and Home Ruler, be it remembered) and a certain evicted Father McDONNELL.

Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH made at Bristol on Tuesday one of the first regular political speeches preliminary to the re-opening of business after the holidays. A remarkably intelligent hearer who interrupted his remarks on the disasters of the General Election by crying, "You see, you didn't tell no lies, sir!" summed up the past very well, and reflected aptly on the present, as far as East Gloucestershire goes. The weapon to which he referred, and others, were plied briskly up to the polling, which took place on Thursday; but the constituency is a rather unusually scattered one, and the result is scarcely likely to be made public in time for notice here.

A very remarkable correspondence has been published between the Secretary of the North Wales Property Defence Association and Mr. GLADSTONE, in which the PRIME MINISTER, after at first undertaking to supply the figures on which he based his statements as to the raising of Welsh rents, failed to do so, and took refuge in silence. Of course Mr. GLADSTONE is very busy, as his inability to attend the Poet Laureate's funeral and hold the Union Jack has shown; but, after all, Prime Ministers have private secretaries among the handsome things about them.

The Gladstonian papers have made solemn and somewhat mysterious mirth over the appointment of Mr. Justice MATHEW as President of the Eviction Commission, regarding it apparently as a sort of tit-for-tat for the Special Commission on Mr. PARNELL and his company. We have not the least objection to accepting the omen. Mr. Justice MATHEW's colleagues, like just judges, found that Mr. PARNELL and his company were guilty of promoting courses which they knew led to murder, and of other misbehaviour of the most serious kind. And we have no doubt that Mr. Justice MATHEW, like a just judge, will find that at least the majority of evicted tenants have only themselves and their evil advisers to blame. The general facts are, and were, perfectly well known in both cases, and we and our side have, as we had, nothing to fear and everything to hope from investigation of them in detail by any honest man and trained lawyer.

A most curious contribution to the history of politics was made yesterday morning by Colonel SAUNDERSON, who vouches for a document from an Irish inspector of police to a sub-sheriff, informing him that police protection can only be granted "during daylight." As the Colonel points out, this division of authority between Queen VICTORIA and Captain MOONLIGHT would be odd in any case. But it is a real instance of Mr. MORLEY's sincerity in following "Irish ideas" that he should have made the distribution exactly in this way. A plain man—supposing that so singular a plan had occurred to him at all—might have given the protection at night and withheld it in the day.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. M. RENAN was buried yesterday week with an imposing ceremony and many speeches. That of M. BOURGEOIS, the Minister of Instruction, was marred by the indiscriminate and fulsome eulogy which is the worst of all possible compliments; the savants who spoke (and especially M. GASTON BOISSIER, one of the best masters of French style that M. RENAN has left behind him) were much better. Cholera was bad in Buda-Pest, and the French had killed many Amazons.—On Saturday morning a long letter of the very first importance from Captain LUGARD on the Uganda question was published. We may say without fatuity that almost all its arguments have been repeatedly urged in these pages; but the popular and not always quite foolish preference for one "who has

"been there" will give Captain LUGARD's voice a weight which no outside argument could possess. Contributions of importance to this question have since been made by Mr. STANLEY correcting some errors which he thinks exist in English minds on the subject; by Mr. ARTHUR SILVA WHITE, who knows the geographical aspect of the case thoroughly, but to whose interpretation of the political we should take more exception, and by Sir GEORGE TAUBMAN GOLDIE, who pointed out—what is, no doubt, true—that "effective occupation" is not directly stipulated for on the Sphere system.

On Monday morning details of the operations of the Isazai or Black Mountain force were published, and it was asserted that AFZUL KHAN, our "man for Chitral," had got the better of his brother, who had fled, not to the Russians, but to Gilgit. A peculiarly impudent statement about the Pamirs had been published in the *Turkestan Gazette*, assuming the entire point at issue—to wit, what is Russian territory, and what is not. It was said that in Dahomey Colonel DODDS had determined to abstain from taking Abomey; in which case it does not require much knowledge of African ways to predict that the Dahomeyans will regard his abstention as equivalent to a defeat. The French mission in Morocco had got its apology.

On Tuesday further particulars of the claim (and possible actual occupation) on the Pamirs by Russia were given, it being alleged that the encroachment extended right down to Sarhad on the Wakhan frontier, close to the Baroghil Pass. This would be a complete violation of the agreement of twenty years ago, and a thing utterly inadmissible, unless the worst counsels prevail at both Foreign and India Offices. The Chins were once more troublesome in Burmah; Mr. MERCIER had been committed for trial in Canada; and at Alexandria there had been a Customs dispute between Egyptians and Greeks over a ton and a half of hashisch, which is a grandiose and rather terrible quantity.

On Wednesday it was reported that a Canadian Volunteer lieutenant had been deprived of his commission for advocating annexation to America. This will shock some people, but appears to us to be perfectly fair and rational. If a man wishes Queen VICTORIA not to be Queen, he is, according to modern ideas, free to hold, and even express, his opinion, provided he does not use violent means to turn it into fact. But he cannot decently hold what is indirectly, if not directly, the QUEEN's commission, and advocate the alienation of the QUEEN's dominions. A door must be open or shut.—The COLUMBUS celebrations have become acute again in Spain and America, and the imitation caravels have attracted great attention at Huelva, where has been much junketing.—The German EMPEROR has paid a visit to Vienna, where he continued to express his satisfaction at what is called the Great Ride, His Majesty's peculiar temper being, no doubt, all the more set on such expressions by the general judgment that the great ride was a very useless waste of good horseflesh, and a not particularly creditable exhibition of mostly bad horsemanship.

Except for the COLUMBUS celebrations (which, by the way, extended to this country, the Spanish Ambassador presiding over a dinner at the Hotel Métropole, attended by some prominent representatives of England and the British colonies), and the continuance of the Carmaux deadlock (which is such an exquisite commentary on Democratic government), there was little that was very noteworthy in Thursday morning's news. The Italian Government had made a long statement of financial and other policy, but it did not come to much when it was sifted down. President KRÜGER had expressed himself in favour of shortening the period of residence after which foreigners acquire political rights

in the Transvaal; but whether he said this with one eye on Swaziland the telegrams say not.—Friday contributed nothing of importance.

**Congresses, &c.** The more serious work of the Church Congress was completed yesterday week with discussions on preaching, on the importance of Christian life as well as Christian doctrine, and on other matters. The Congress came to an end next day with a service in Canterbury Cathedral. The proceedings of the Congregational Union this week at Bradford were enlivened by a visit from the irrepressible Mr. KEIR HARDIE, who bearded the Congregationalists with much vigour till they howled him down. On Thursday the Union, at the instigation of the Reverend Doctor HERBERT EVANS (why is it that more Congregationalist ministers are Doctors than, in proportion, any Church or other sect can show?), pleaded for justice to the Church of England. The Reverend Doctor came, like the Hanoverian lady, "for all the goods" of the Church and all her chattels too; or, in other words, demanded disestablishment *sans phrase* and disendowment to the bare bone.

**The Laureate.** The inevitable discussions about Lord ship. TENNYSON's successor began even before Lord TENNYSON himself was buried. Some Gladstonians are very anxious that the office should be abolished. But it hardly seems a sufficient reason for abolishing an old post, dignified in former times and recently by some of the greatest names of English letters, that a particular party, being in office at a particular time, has only one candidate, and knows him to be utterly unworthy.—Monday's papers were full of pulpit and other expressions about Lord TENNYSON, and of preparations for his funeral in Westminster Abbey, which took place on Wednesday with a great concourse of people, a stately ceremony, the Union Jack as pall, a group of pall-bearers which could hardly have been more distinguished, and the singing, not only of his own perfect "Crossing the Bar," but of some hitherto unpublished verses in the same key. So henceforward shall Poets' Corner more than ever deserve that most delightful of Fullerian conceits, that it is "enough to make passengers' feet move metrically" "who go over the place where so much poetical dust" "is interred."

**The Law Courts.** Sir PETER EDLIN was, perhaps, hard upon Mr. SAMUEL BEAN, aged ten, who robbed his mother, in telling him that he was the wickedest little boy that he, Sir PETER, ever saw or had ever heard of. Even in conventional estimation, the amiable young persons of Mr. SAMUEL's age at Liverpool, not long ago, who drowned a smaller boy for the sake of his clothes, must be deemed to be worse than SAMUEL; and he, moreover, had the recognized excuse implied in "cherchez la femme!" in the person of Miss MABEL PALMER, aged thirteen. There was a certain breadth and generosity, too, in the way in which SAMUEL spent the money upon MABEL and others. Had he locked it up in a box, and spent a few shillings every day on tarts till it was gone, we might have said ditto to Sir PETER.—A court-martial was held at Windsor on Wednesday, in the matter of the late disorder, and one trooper was found guilty of posting an insubordinate placard.—An open verdict was returned on Thursday in the inquest on MARION SHARPE, who poisoned herself at Brompton, the jury, however, taking occasion to clear Dr. HERON's memory of suspicion.

**Racing.** The Duke of York Stakes, another big new prize, brought out a very large field at Kempton Park, this day week, and was won by Mr. SMITH's Miss Dollar. The racing of the first day of the Newmarket Second October Meeting was interesting. Sir Hugo, El Diablo, Dunure, Bumptious, and others ran for the Lowther Stakes, but the Derby winner could not give El Diablo a stone and a pound, and was



beaten by a neck. The Selling Plate gave a dead heat between Detective and Mistral, the first-named winning easily when the heat was run off. In the Clearwell Stakes Perigord just succeeded in giving The Prize three pounds, and getting in by a head. Orme and Orvieto made a match of it for the Champion Stakes, but the three-year-old won without difficulty, and finally La Flèche landed the Newmarket Oaks.

Next day the large field of twenty-eight turned out (in very nasty weather) for the Cesarewitch, which was won by the favourite, Mr. HOBSON'S Burnaby. The PRINCE OF WALES won the Stand Nursery with The Vigil, and Mr. MILNER the Select Stakes with St. Angelo, while, in another big field of twenty, Mr. JENNINGS'S Acrobat secured the Autumn Handicap. There was not much of interest on Thursday except the Middle Park Plate, which was won by Mr. MCCALMONT'S Isinglass.

Miscellaneous. Last week an inquest was held at Oxford on an undergraduate of Christ Church who had committed suicide. This is not the first of its kind recently; and until recently the kind has been very rare. To ask people to think now appears to be considered the most unreasonable of all demands. But if the exercise is not wholly out of fashion, those who are still given to it may, perhaps, observe a certain difference. Once upon a time (that is to say, always till some twenty or thirty years ago) University education was one of those things that did not happen to everybody—that happened, indeed, to very few persons who were not already provided with more or less fair prospects, or who had not shown unusual brains. It was, moreover, till then almost certain that any one who worked tolerably hard would be provided for, at least till he had made a mark in his profession. Circumstances—too many to mention, but principally the “throwing open of the Universities to the nation,” as it is called—have crowded Oxford and Cambridge with “strug-for-lifers,” for not more than fifty per cent. of whom, at the most liberal estimate, can there, in any conceivable community, be any career of the kind for which University education fits their powers and educates their tastes. Result—inquests for the more impatient and a slow martyrdom for the others.—Exceedingly bad news of the completion of the harvest were published on Monday, oats being the only cereal of which there was anything cheerful to say.—It was announced on Wednesday morning that the purchase of the *Foudroyant* had been completed, and that she would shortly arrive in England, her upper decks, &c., being replaced, and everything made shipshape, to be stationed in the Thames as a naval museum.—On Wednesday, among the applications for music and dancing licences before the County Council, was one, the effect of which is to turn the extensive building in Shaftesbury Avenue known as the Royal English Opera House from a theatre into a music-hall. The Licensing Committee has since continued the policy of refusing dancing-licences to the East-End “saloons.” Let us hope that Ratcliffe Highway and its neighbourhood will be as grateful for the consequences as Piccadilly Circus and its neighbourhood are for the closing of the Argyll.—The Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall has been well attended.—The appointment of Canon LUCKOCK, a sound churchman and a learned divine, to the Deanery of Lichfield is a good one.

Correspondence. On Tuesday last Miss CORBE took up the gage flung at her by Professor HORSLEY at the Church Congress, and Mr. EDMONDSTON of Thule informed the public how a couple of ornithological ‘Arries had succeeded in defeating his attempt to preserve the great skua. It is a pity that rowdies of this sort cannot be taught manners in the only way they are likely to understand. Mr. HORSLEY replied, still

in a great state of indignation, to Miss CORBE on Wednesday, while Mr. LAWSON TAIT, intervening, said agreeable things to his learned brethren who believe in vivisection—a foolish question-begging term, by the way, which makes rational argument almost impossible. A very violent squabble, of which we take fuller notice elsewhere, has been going on about a sort of alleged trade-union among naval officers, for bullying the Admiralty.

Obituary. The heavy obituary of last week was made heavier towards the close of it by the death of Mr. WOOLNER, R.A., a sculptor, especially a medallionist, of great thoroughness and a remarkably poetical conception, no mean artist in verse, and a very genial and amusing companion. No one who came in contact with him could help recognizing his warmth and kindness of heart, the sincerity of his purpose, and the nobleness of his ambition; while those who knew him well found in his talk and manner the marked and unmistakable attraction that West-country folk find in rough cider.—Dr. BICKERSTETH, till recently Dean of Lichfield and long Prolocutor in Convocation, and Mr. RALPH DUTTON, Chairman of the South-Western Railway, were the chief names in the obituary at the beginning of this week.—Of M. XAVIER MARMIER we speak in our French Literature article.

Books, the Theatre, &c. The most interesting book of the week, beyond all question, is Mr. LANG'S “Green” *Fairy Book* (LONGMANS), a complement to his “Red” and “Blue” collection of those things which wise men love and Mr. HOWELLS contemns.—The Covent Garden opera season opened on Monday.

#### THE LAUREATESHIP.

“**W**HA is to be oor poet, noo ROBBIE'S deid?” the local idiot of Dumfries inquired, at the funeral of BURNS. The question as to the future Laureate was discussed with unseemly frequency long before the great recent loss of England and of literature. The world has grown accustomed, by the usage of many years, to seeing the laurels in the possession of a great poet, like Lord TENNYSON and like WORDSWORTH, or of a great man of letters who had a lofty poetical ambition, like SOUTHEY. To appoint any one less than these is felt to be a descent, and we forget that, before SCOTT refused the laurels and SOUTHEY took them, they had long been a laughing-stock. It is true that this was but an eighteenth-century interval, and that the seventeenth, like the nineteenth, saw laureates most worthy of the laurel. When SOUTHEY accepted it changes were made in the duties of the laureate; he was no longer to the country what the bellman used to be to the town, and now the laurels are “greener from the brows” of three illustrious wearers. But they have not always been an honourable distinction, and if a new Laureate be appointed, at worst he must be better than many of his predecessors, and can be nothing more discreditable than a fluent mediocrity. He may not be a poet, but he is certain to be an educated man of some taste and cultivation.

To descend on such a person for a time after the author of the “Lotus Eaters,” of the “Ode on the Duke of Wellington,” and of the lines on VIRGIL for the Mantuan, is only distressing because we have grown accustomed to associate the laurels with great poets and poetry. But we cannot get poets by longing for them, any more than the local idiot could whistle up a new BURNS. We know, at least, that we have many worthy gentlemen who can turn out verse as prompt and pat as if it were prose. As far as quantity and punctuality go, there is no lack of qualified candidates; there is a

great "wale o' wigs" among our versifiers. Many minor poets can sit down quickly and take their pens and turn out "in a general way anything," like the too ready witness. In *Huckleberry Finn* we meet a rural muse who saluted each local event with her "Tribute." "The neighbours said it was the Doctor first, then EMMILINE, then the undertaker." It is certain that we have plenty of prompt poetical EMMILINES. Any one of them would, we are sure, be punctual and business-like as a laureate, delivering his orders with promptness and dispatch, and turning out a fairly well-rhymed, well-reasoned article, grammatical, and not too distressing to the critical ear. The real embarrassment lies in the wide dead level field of choice. England, to be sure, has at least one poet, if not two, whose name would not clash incongruous with the names of laureates most renowned. But, equally of course, we have no idea whether the laurels will be offered to one of these, or whether he would accept them if they were. Lovers of poetry would prefer to see a great poet succeeded by a poet; but if this is not to be, we need not feel broken-hearted. There have been infinitely worse laureates than any one who is like to be chosen. The post does not seem very enviable, because, among other reasons, it provokes comparisons. But, like the title of R.A., or like membership of the French Academy, the laureateship, we presume, has a certain value. Innocent people, because poets have been laureates, will infer that a laureate must be a poet. And it would certainly be most absurd to abolish the position because there is a difficulty in getting the right man to fill it at a given moment, or because certain persons have wit enough to be ashamed of their own candidate. The best laureate, alas! must die; the worst, thank Heaven! will. Nor could there be anything more childish than to throw the wreath of JONSON, of DRYDEN, of WORDSWORTH, and of TENNYSON into the dustbin, instead of letting even some new PYE serve as a wig block to keep it ready for a happier day.

#### UGANDA.

WITH the announcement of the decision of the Cabinet postponing the evacuation of Uganda, the acceptance of the offer by the British East Africa Company, and the publication of various documents (of which the most important was Captain LUGARD's letter of this day week), the Uganda question has, or should have, if the British nation retains any good sense and good feeling, entered on a new phase. We would fain hope, if with no extraordinarily sanguine expectation, that it may be possible to lift the discussion altogether out of the party rut. We shall not in this article use or hint at the word "scuttle"; we shall not make any allusion to the antecedents of either party; we shall not contrast the conduct of the late and the present Government in any way; we shall pass no strictures on the behaviour of the Company; and we shall consent for the time, and for the sake of argument, to ignore altogether the possibility of there being a faction, distinct from supporters of the Government in the wide sense, who for ulterior purposes wish that the outlets of British trade should be stopped, that possible spheres for the employment of the Services should be cancelled, and so forth. Let us assume for the moment that all Englishmen are anxious simply for the welfare of England. We think it possible, and more than possible, to show, arguing on this hypothesis, that the gravest of all possible errors will be committed if the territory which extends northwards from the Victoria Nyanza to the banks of the Nile is allowed to pass from under a tolerably close and direct surveillance by British agents, still more if any opening be allowed for the substitution of any other agency for that of Great Britain.

There is one fallacy—produced, we are bound to suppose, in good faith by the advocates of evacuation—which it is necessary to clear out, to begin with. It is said that if we go we shall be in no worse position than we were in a few months ago; that existing agreements reserve Uganda and its neighbourhood to us, and that we can resume possession at any moment. This is, as we have said, a fallacy, though it has the grain of truth and plausibility which is needed to make a fallacy dangerous. There are agreements which affect Uganda, and the retirement of the Company would not directly or of necessity vitiate them. But these agreements leave something more than a heel of the position vulnerable, and, what is more, they would not of themselves suffice to keep us in a dog-in-the-manger attitude. They hold good with Germany and Italy—that is to say, they look only to that part of the horizon of Uganda and the neighbouring regions which extends, speaking roughly, from north-east to a little west of south. At the time when they were made, it was apparently not suspected that any danger could come from the rest of the circle. "But," say the advocates of evacuation, "this rest also is covered by the capitulations as to the frontier of the Congo State and 'by the agreement with France.'" There are two dangerous errors here. The frontiers assigned to the Congo State some years ago were, indeed, definite enough; but they were positive, not negative. It was not definitely agreed that any first-class European Power, having interests outside these limits, could bar the progress of the State beyond them. Indeed, at that time the region between the former Egyptian Province of the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the Congo itself was one of the few blank spaces on the map; and it was apparently not dreamt at our Foreign Office, or if dreamt was neglected, that perfectly easy access to the neighbourhood of the Nile could be attained by that affluent of the Congo itself which in its lower reaches lies between the territory of the Free State and that of France. Nor did the Anglo-French agreement (whatever its fair and equitable construction of extension might be) directly affect anything that lies east of Lake Tchad. It was, no doubt, a mistake that it did not; and it is more than arguable that constructively it did. But it was not so expressed, and it is undeniable that a complete refusal on our part to take any police duty in the regions of our "sphere" would go far to justify either France or Belgium in taking up the neglected task. So, also, Italy and Germany themselves, despite far more precise agreements, would have the old "house-smoking-through-the-roof" plea to urge. Suppose the one to have turned—which is not impossible—her protectorate over Abyssinia into a solid fact; suppose the other to have reduced, as she is actively trying to do, the whole of the southern shore of the Victoria Nyanza, which belongs to her, to peace and quietness. What more legitimate than for either to say, "This sphere of yours is not validly occupied, is not occupied at all. It is a hindrance to our peaceable and profitable enjoyment of our own spheres—a danger to them—a bait to rivals and enemies on the further sides of it. We cannot be damnified by your laches; and we must do the best for ourselves?" We can only say that the Power which used this argument would, in our opinion, be justified by every principle and every precedent of international law and comity.

We may now turn to the further question, Would the loss of Uganda and the states or regions which practically go with it be a serious one to England? And here, again, if only prejudices and question-begging terms be dropped, we have no fear of proving the case. There has, perhaps, never been such a consensus of testimony, much of it by no means favourable in sentiment to England, to the commercial poten-



tialities of a region as there is to those of Uganda, Unyoro, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, the Equatorial Provinces, and the rest of the East-Central Soudan. Rule out the missionaries, rule out "Jingo" travellers, rule out any one you please who can fairly be challenged, and there will be left from impartial sources sufficient evidence to convince the most incredulous, if the most incredulous will only not stop their ears. The greater part of the country is quite free from the worst tropical climate. Much of it is high and healthy. Much of it is excellently suited, not merely for the lazy and wasteful taking of the gifts provided by nature which the tropics usually suggest, but for useful cultivation, for pasturage, for the development of mineral wealth, and so forth. It has a vast population who are perfectly ready to be customers for English goods, as well as a vast surface ready for development by English labour, enterprise, and science. Allow for exaggerations, take note of contradictions, search narrowly between the lines for admissions and slips, and it will be found to be the very best and the very last good region of any considerable range open to European expansion.

To those whom we would chiefly address—that is to say, the unconverted—the purely political side of this part of the question is, no doubt (except that of honour and prestige, which for the present we hold to be forbidden by the terms of our own reference), the hardest to approach, yet even here something may be done. Even they will scarcely maintain that commercial affairs are better conducted under different flags than under the same, or that it is an advantage to have trade routes cut up and barred by rival and jarring tariffs and administrations. Now we have at present secured the rights (be they of possession, of influence, or simply of way) over the entire trade route from Cape Town to Alexandria. We do not suppose that any of those persons with whom we are arguing would leave Egypt, however much they may be anxious for the leaving in itself, without taking measures against the blocking of the ways in that country; and however little enthusiastic they may be about the extensions of the Cape Colony at the other end, we suppose that they would not desire to see the caution applied to the possibilities of growth in that direction. Now, once again, there is an absolute consensus of all competent authority to the effect that in Uganda, the actual head of the Nile, close to the head of the Congo, and connected by short secured land routes and the two great southern lakes with the Zambesi, lies the heart and key and centre of all such African trade and power as is not confined to the coast States of the extreme North, or the almost independent region of the Niger. Keep a hand on, at any rate keep other hands off, that central point, and all must be well; let go of it, and all must almost certainly be lost. Those who plead for the retention of Uganda do not advocate any costly or elaborate expeditions; they maintain that such expeditions are not necessary; they go so far as to say that, if there is anything on earth that is likely to bring them about in the future, it is the policy of evacuation. They say that a very small expenditure and a little intelligent diplomacy, especially with the making of the railway to the Nyanza, and the establishment of a flotilla on its waters, will amply suffice. And it certainly seems not too much to ask that at least a fair trial should be given to a policy which should be offensive to nobody, and may be of vast benefit to the body politic.

#### NAVAL GRIEVANCES.

THE waspish letter which appeared in the *Times* of Monday, under the heading of "A Discreditable Project," will be found, in the long run, to be of material service to the persons whom it is designed to

rebuke. It has, indeed, already served to give extended publicity to the fact that naval officers in general are suffering from grievances which even the most hostile critics of the "Discreditable Project" allow to be severe and to call for remedy. This is in itself a distinct gain for the authors of the "project" in question. Much harm may, indeed, be done if the Admiralty and Parliament allow themselves to be animated by the spirit of the author of the letter and, we may add, the writer of some further comments on the subject in the *Times* of Wednesday. At the risk of giving an advantage to stupidity and ill-will, we note that the writer, or writers, in the *Times* have taken exactly the tone used by the authorities towards the very legitimate complaints of the sailors in 1797. The grievances, we are told, are real, and each man may legitimately complain of them for himself. As long as he does no more than this, his conduct is correct. The critics do not add that it is also most convenient to authorities who do not propose to bestir themselves to supply a remedy, since individual complaints can be safely neglected. When, however, men complain together, this is "illegal and insubordinate." The "sympathy and generosity" of the country will be "frightened." It will be shocked at discovering that the complainants are not, as was supposed, "the incarnation of discipline, legality, and patriotism"; so, it is implied, if not expressly stated, the acknowledged grievances shall not be remedied. Now this is in every detail the language of the official people who rejected the absolutely just complaints of the sailors in 1797 as the work of ill-disposed persons, and threw their petitions to the House of Commons into the waste-paper basket, with results which make a lamentable passage in the naval history of this country. It is thoroughly contemptible, pedantic, and dishonest. Moreover, it is habitually found in the mouths of persons who, when discontent refuses to be kept quiet by paper regulations and technicalities, are found ready to give to fear what they would not give to justice, and that with grovelling haste.

Of course, only the stupidity and ill-will to which we have referred will suppose for a moment that we are drawing any comparison between the events of 1797 and the "Discreditable Project." The comparison is between the language of certain directly and indirectly official persons then and now. As regards the project, agitation, or whatever else it is to be called, it is a very simple matter. For some years past naval officers have complained of certain grievances common to them all. It is not denied that these grievances exist, and ought in fairness to be remedied. Yet they have not been touched. In the meantime attention has been paid to the complaints of some classes of officers who have combined to make themselves heard. The citizen and officer (by the way, we should have thought such a martinet as this "officer" would have called himself subject, and not by a name which either conveys the unimportant information that he is member of a City Company or is a cant Americanism)—this citizen and officer indulges, towards the end of his letter, in the ill-bred practice of talking at some unspecified body of officers whose "organized agitation" has extorted "advantages which neither their utility as a class nor the individual merits of the majority of them deserved." Now, without wasting time over the justice or manners of this attack on the officers unnamed, we may simply draw the moral from the recorded facts. On the showing of this critic of the "Discreditable Project," the Admiralty has yielded to the organized agitation of some officers, while it has persistently neglected the grievances of those who have not agitated. Be it observed, too, that nothing was heard of any offence against the QUEEN'S Regulations and the Naval Discipline Act, on the part of those who did

gain their point. This being so, we are not in the least surprised to hear that many officers have come to the conclusion that combination, for the purpose of stating their grievances, is not an offence against the Articles of War, and that if they want to obtain redress, they would do well to combine. That a technical breach of the regulations has been committed is possible. If so, the officers will doubtless regret it, and amend what is wrong. We do think that Captain ROBINSON has at least gone near to showing too much journalistic enterprise in this matter; but that is a very small thing, which does not in any way affect the justice of the demands of the officers, nor the question whether they are likely to get attention paid to them without some common action. What breach of the regulations there may be is certainly only technical. It is mere scolding to talk of "want of patriotism," or of "illegal and insubordinate means."

Let it, however, be allowed that there have been errors of judgment on the part of various officers afloat and of Captain ROBINSON on shore. In the fallen condition of humanity errors will occur. If officers are doing things which have even a colourable appearance of being illegal and insubordinate, may it not be the case that they have had provocation? Supposing that to be so, it would be wise to inquire into the case after insisting on the immediate dissolution of whatever irregular Committee may be in existence. Nobody, we take it, will propose to get rid of all the so-called insubordinate officers in a body. Neither will it be suggested that the indiscretion of a few officers is to be made an excuse for refusing redress of grievances to the whole navy. This would amount to publicly declaring that the naval service is penal. Now it is not denied by the almost rancorous critics of the "Discreditable Project" that the demands made by the officers are, in the main, reasonable. They are eight in all, which have been published in the *Army and Navy Gazette* and reprinted in the *Times*. They give various forms of the two fundamental demands that the pecuniary position of the officers should be improved and that the terms of service should be made less severe. The list at first drawn up was very properly modified by the omission of the demand that, when a ship is kept on commission for more than three years, the pay of all ranks should be doubled. This is obviously absurd. A ship should not be kept on a foreign station for more than three years in ordinary circumstances, but she must stay if there is need. So must her officers and men, nor have they just ground for making the necessary calls of the service excuse for a claim of increase of pay. But the other demands are some of them manifestly just, and none of them quite unreasonable. As sailors cannot take their families with them as soldiers can, it is fair that they should not be kept abroad for more than three years, as a rule. It is also quite fair that naval officers should be relieved of the present heavy expenses for servants. Whether the request that instruments should be supplied for the band is to be met by concession or by the abolition of that luxury is a question which does not profoundly interest us. Still, if the dignity of HER MAJESTY'S naval service is supposed to require the presence on board of big ships of a certain number of brass instruments, it does seem fair that the officers, who are not commonly men of means in the navy, should be exempted from the burden of providing them. Neither does it appear unreasonable that officers should not be called upon to pay Income-tax. We notice that the officers seem anxious to have it understood that they are not asking for an increase of pay. This anxiety seems to us ill placed, for two reasons. The first is that they are asking for allowances and revisions of rates which amount to the same thing. The second is that the demand would be quite justifiable, at least in the case of the senior lieutenants.

A lieutenant of more than twelve years' service in his rank, who must be a man well on for forty, cannot with command money, and other allowance, get four hundred pounds a year. And he is liable to find himself on shore on half-pay, and if he is a married man has, when on active service, to maintain his family on shore and himself at sea. The first-lieutenantship of one of H.M.'s ships is a place of at least as much importance as a head-clerkship in a Government office. Yet a head clerk who does not go abroad, lives with his family, and is not liable to intervals of half-pay, will receive twice as much as the naval officer.

The grievance as to leave is a crying one. Two weeks on full pay for every year of service abroad is the utmost he is allowed—and to that he has no right. As compared with the terms given to army officers, this is harsh treatment, and the demand that the two weeks should be increased to six, and given as a right, is not excessive. It must be remembered that officers cannot retire when they like. It is an unheard-of thing that an army officer should be refused leave to send in his papers, but there have been numerous instances in which the Admiralty has declined to allow lieutenants to resign, even when they were prepared to forfeit their pensions. Of course the Admiralty may take the dry official line. It may reply that officers knew the terms on which they engaged—which is, of course, formally true, though only formally in the case of the boys who enter the *Britannia*. It may, if it likes, adopt the tone of the strictest sect of the Pharisees, and the letter will bear it out. But it must be clearly understood that this will be done at the expense of confirming the discontent of the officers and spreading the belief that the naval service is not one in which fair treatment is to be expected. Whether it is worth while to incur this risk for the sake of maintaining official orthodoxy is a question which, in our opinion, only requires to be stated.

#### HISTORY: HOW SHE IS WROTE.

MR. LECKY has been discoursing to the youth of Birmingham on the true method of writing, or, which amounts to the same thing, of studying, history, and the conclusion at which he practically arrives is that his own method is the true one. His inaugural address, as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, was the *rationale* of his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, an apology for his manner of interpreting the course of events. The chief criticism which we have to make upon this theory is that it is in its essential points unhistorical. History was formerly, he says in effect, a branch of poetry; since the eighteenth century it has become mainly a branch of science. The historians of an earlier age essayed to paint pictures; modern historians aim at solving problems. The former endeavoured to glorify, or at least to give life to, the past; the latter to furnish a key to the future. We doubt whether this division of historic methods into chronological periods can be maintained; and we do not feel able to give an unqualified assent to Mr. LECKY's theory of the functions and purpose of history. THUCYDIDES and TACITUS and MACHIAVELLI flourished before the eighteenth century of our era. Was it their exclusive aim to paint pictures? Were they not bent upon solving problems? MICHELET and CARLYLE and Mr. FROUDE belong to the nineteenth century. Have not they painted pictures?

The study of history obeys the prompting of an eager curiosity; it is inspired by a passion for knowledge, which is as potent in human minds of a certain character as the passion for power, for wealth, and for physical enjoyment. The nature of the curiosity, the points to which it addresses itself, the subjects on



which ignorance is felt as a void painfully aching until it can fill itself with ascertained truth, depends upon the character of individual minds. To some orders of intelligence, the impulse of curiosity, the "want to know, you know," addresses itself to the exterior semblance of the past. Their impulse is to reconstruct it in its image as it lived, to re-edify its buildings, to repeople its streets, to clothe its shadowy personages not only with flesh and blood, but with the toga and tunic, the doublet and hose, of their age and country. To others the prime necessity is to realize the genius and character of the great men who have carried on the affairs of the world, and of the various classes of the community who furnish the moral soil from which these stately growths have sprung, and which they in turn have nourished by their fruit and fertilized by their deciduous foliage. To yet a third class, the unsatisfied craving for knowledge spends itself on the effort to trace the genesis of general ideas and dominating conceptions in a community, their embodiment in laws and institutions, their development and transformation from generation to generation. But the divisions between these orders of minds is not chronological. They are simultaneous. THIERS, GUIZOT, and MICHELET—the pragmatist historian, the philosophic historian, and the picturesque historian—were contemporaries. HALLAM and MACAULAY, CARLYLE and BUCKLE, Mr. FROUDE and Mr. LECKY himself, are instances as conclusive in our own literature. In particular periods a certain method to which the authority of a dominant genius has given vogue may be the mode; but its ascendancy will be slight while it lasts, and is essentially precarious.

Mr. LECKY, though he does not absolutely assert, seems inclined to the doctrine which Mr. JOHN MORLEY has set forth, that the only use of the study of the past is to supply us with guidance in the present, and the means of foreseeing and providing for the future. To some minds, we dare say, astronomy is only useful as supplying the conditions of the art of navigation, and chemistry and physiology are but the handmaids of medicine and agriculture. Now, valuable as the teachings of history are, they are not its only value, and they are rather susceptible of interpretation at discretion. Thus MITFORD made the history of Greece a protest against democracy, and GROTE an apology for it. The chief function of history is not directly didactic. It is to fill the mind with living pictures of society, with images of human character, and vicissitudes of fortune, with great ideas and conceptions of social order and progress, enlarging and disciplining it, supplying illustrations rather than premisses for definite conclusions. Interpreted in a pedagogic spirit, history, like the sacred volume, will be the book where each his doctrine seeks, and, at the same time, the book where each his doctrine finds. We do not impute this narrow view to Mr. LECKY, though he occasionally uses language which comes dangerously near the sanctioning it. Like science, history pursued for its own sake will be fertile of unforeseen applications to practice, which the study of it for the sake of those applications will never yield.

#### IRELAND.

IT is not our business to inquire how far the celebration of the anniversary of Mr. PARNELL'S death was inspired by genuine reverence for the memory of the lost leader, and how far by a desire among those who took part in it to reanimate the popular detestation of those who deserted him. We shall assuredly, however, be safe in saying that the latter motive was at least as powerfully operative upon the bulk of the Parnellites as the former, especially if Mr. J. J. O'KELLY, who was selected to "speak a piece" on the occasion,

may be taken as fairly representative of the general views of his party. Mr. O'KELLY, we regret to say, was imperfectly heard, and his oration was not rendered the more audible from the fact that it was read rather than delivered. The earlier portion of his speech suggests the idea that, among the "copious notes" to which he referred so constantly, some fragments of a general discourse in honour of somebody else must have inadvertently slipped in. There seems, at any rate, to be no very striking appropriateness in a description of Mr. PARNELL as "the man who made the homes of the nation safe and inviolable, giving to man security for his labour, and to woman security for her honour." This flight accomplished, however, Mr. O'KELLY appears, we admit, to have got to business with reasonable despatch. "Before Mr. PARNELL'S time the constitutional power of the Irish people had been wasted, or used only for the benefit of corrupt lawyers, who made the backs of the people so many stepping-stones to place and wealth, with the approval and blessing of a number of bishops." This, to be sure, is to the point. "Corrupt lawyers" has all the air of being a hit at somebody, and "the blessing and approval of a number of bishops" also smacks a little of the allusive. So, too, does Mr. O'KELLY'S reference to the hatred which his departed leader brought down upon himself among "a class of shoneen Irishmen whose only possession in life was the unfortunate country which they managed to sell to every new British Ministry." And, on the whole, it may be said that the tone of the proceedings at Glasnevin Cemetery does not seem quite to justify the complacent reflection of the Gladstonian press, that the two Irish factions have really nothing to fight about, and that there is no reason why they should not kiss and be friends without further delay.

Perhaps, however, these simple-hearted students of the political situation may find the reason they have hitherto failed to discover in an attentive perusal of the resolutions, passed a few days later at the Convention of Delegates from the various branches of the National League, and in the speeches delivered afterwards by the two Messrs. REDMOND and Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR. The resolutions affirmed the adhesion of the Parnellite party to those terms of settlement of the Irish question which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT once described—in a phrase which seems likely to prove no less embarrassing to him than a certain famous observation about "stewing in Parnellite juice"—as constituting a scheme of "Fenian Home Rule." The Convention, that is to say, declared its determination of insisting on the Irish Parliament of the future having "full power to deal with the laws relating to the ownership and occupation of land in Ireland"; on its possessing absolute "control over the Constabulary, as well as the appointment of all judges and magistrates"; and on its being empowered to enact laws which shall be "subject only to the veto of the Crown or of the representative of the Crown in Ireland." These, it may be said, are conditions from which the anti-Parnellites have never dared to express dissent; and there should, therefore, be no obstacle to the reunion of the two parties. When, however, we find Mr. JOHN REDMOND reaffirming the resolution of his party to hold aloof from that Government with which their opponents are in, at least, provisional alliance; when Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR proceeds to recall the fact that they had "some of the enemies of Irish liberty"—meaning, it is to be presumed, the distinguished author of the definition of "Fenian" Home Rule—"in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet"; and when Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND casually remarks that, if any negotiation for the relief of the evicted tenants "would lead up to a union of their party with the party controlled by Mr. HEALY, he would fight to the last," it must

be admitted that obstacles begin to declare themselves. It may dawn upon the childlike Gladstonian that there is something more to be considered on the question of a proposed reunion between two quarrelling factions than mere identity of political professions; and that the fact that one of them, in addition to a personal grudge, entertains the deepest possible distrust of the other, is, perhaps, a sufficiently good reason for their not falling at once into each other's arms.

It would be difficult to find a more amusing illustration of the sentiments by which they are mutually animated than is supplied by the incident of Father McDONNELL's eviction at the suit of his patriotic landlord, Mr. VINCENT SCULLY. It is seventeen years since this delightfully and typically Irish priest became Mr. SCULLY's tenant, and it appears that for all but the first few years of that period they have been at loggerheads about the rent. In 1885, after having apparently for some years applied vainly for a reduction, Father McDONNELL returned Mr. SCULLY's Christmas offering of 5*l.* as "too paltry and too shabby" for his acceptance, and three years afterwards treated a similar present from his landlord in the same way. In 1889 the worthy priest wrote to his landlord's agent informing him that "what I and the people require him to do is but fair and just between man and man—to act on the principle of arbitration, the principle proclaimed and sanctioned by our Parliamentary leaders, and approved by the people at large"; and in the following year the dispute was, in fact, submitted by Mr. SCULLY to Mr. O'BRIEN, by whom it was referred to the Archbishop of CASHEL. Upon the delivery, however, of the Archbishop's award, it was discovered that Father McDONNELL's acceptance of "the principle approved and sanctioned by our Parliamentary leaders" was of a strictly qualified kind; for, although Mr. SCULLY was prepared to acquiesce in the decision, his reverend tenant repudiated it as one which had been "given by what is called by jugglers the feat of legerdemain." He then proceeded, mysteriously enough, to denounce his landlord for having "turned his back" on arbitration, called him "a second SMITH-BARRY," and, casually remarking that "no parish priest of the archdiocese of Cashel was ever evicted from his house since the days of OLIVER CROMWELL," defied Mr. SCULLY to do his worst. Mr. SCULLY, apparently thinking that the Cromwellian precedent was none the worse for its antiquity, upon this evicted him, and is now being violently attacked by the Nationalist Boards, not so much for the eviction as for having "delayed the step until now, in order that Mr. MORLEY might be held up to odium as a priest-hunter." The charm of this characteristically Irish series of incidents is such that no comment could possibly heighten it.

Mr. MORLEY, however, seems in a fair way to incur another kind of reproach than that of the priest-hunter. His administrative policy is beginning to bear fruit already in two different directions. The repeal of the outstanding proclamations under the Crimes Act has been followed by a revival of Moonlighting outrages in Kerry, where also, "in accordance," as it is stated, "with a promise made a few weeks ago to the Killarney Town Commissioners by the CHIEF SECRETARY," the police establishment is, with admirable timeliness, being reduced. And the announcement of Mr. MORLEY's intentions with respect to the evicted tenants has made it necessary to serve upwards of a hundred and twenty processes on tenants in the same county who purchased their farms under Lord ASHBOURNE's Act, but are now declining to pay the annual instalments, in the belief apparently that "under existing circumstances no harsh measures will be adopted to enforce payment." Mr. MORLEY is preparing for himself a merry Christmas.

#### THE SILVER QUESTION.

SILVER, as Mr. LLOYD says in the brief preface to his *Silver Crisis* ("The Statist" Office, 1892), has provided "a problem that is agitating some of the most important countries of the world." Indirectly, as well as directly, it affects us, and has its permanent, if not always conspicuous, place in the telegrams. Its friends the bimetallicists secure it a competent share of the space given to correspondents, who, again, are well supported by the Anglo-Indian detailing his undoubted sorrows. Characteristically enough, the orthodox doctors among us have not come out to fight a regular battle for the true faith. In France some one of them would, long ago, have appeared with a regularly reasoned treatise to confute the heretics. With us the defenders of the faith take a different course. They argue this point and that, here a stroke and there a stroke, given in weekly paper or magazines. Then they publish them in a volume, as Mr. GIFFEN did, and Mr. LLOYD has done. It is a nice question which is the superior system; for, if the French makes the better volume, the English tells twice.

These papers have already told in the *Statist*. In their collected form they naturally, as Mr. LLOYD himself knows, have the defects which are inseparable from a collection of essays written independently—there are gaps, and the want of hooks and eyes occasionally makes itself felt. Still, their subject gives them unity, and one doctrine is consistently preached throughout. Mr. LLOYD, too, does not relieve his feelings by telling the bimetallicist to read LOCKE, LIVERPOOL, and ADAM SMITH. He gives a compactly expressed reason why there can be no such thing as bimetallicism. You cannot, says Mr. LLOYD, fix the relative value of commodities by law, and therein lies the most effectual answer to the bimetallicist. Everybody can see this truth at once when it is stated in simple terms. The bimetallicists confuse their readers by keeping to sonorous generalities. The average housekeeper would be revolted if she were asked to do her shopping on the condition that the shopkeeper could give a yard of thirty-six, or a yard of thirty-two, inches for a half-crown, at his discretion. She would insist on getting her thirty-six inches, though she would, perhaps, allow the shopkeeper to call it a yard and four inches. The usual bimetallicist maintains that it is possible to compel the shopkeeper to sell his thirty-six inches for thirty pence or for twenty-eight, which is essentially as ridiculous a proposition as the other. He would die, of course, before confessing that the case is as simple as this; but his martyrdom would not alter the fact.

Mr. LLOYD follows the silver question from the United States to India. He proves (we do not expect the bimetallicist to agree with us, of course) that the persistence of the silver question is due to the irrational efforts of the United States to give an artificial value to the metal. If the great Republic could only have acted on the excellent rule contained in the Scotch proverb—"better a finger aff than aye wagging"—the market would have reached a stable condition long ago. Silver would have fallen to the bed rock—to its natural price, in fact, as fixed by the cost of production and the demand of the market. The efforts of the Union to resist the law of gravitation have only resulted in lumbering its treasury with masses of coined silver which it cannot force into circulation, and in bringing it into danger of a serious financial crisis. As for India, Mr. LLOYD asks the famous question whether we cannot leave it alone, and answers that we must, under penalties. His demonstration that any success we might attain to in raising the value of the metal in India would produce a corresponding disturbance in the



Chinese trade, by which we should lose all we had appeared to gain, is convincing. We do not wholly follow Mr. LLOYD when he says that, if somebody must suffer by the depreciation of silver in India, it had better be the Europeans than the natives. If we are to understand by this that the choice is between allowing the Europeans to suffer or making experiments in currency which would produce disturbances in all the relations of business in India, he is, of course, right. The results of this latter policy would, of course, react on the Europeans themselves. But the choice is not so limited as this. Since it is for the good of India that things should take their natural course, it is surely just enough that the Europeans who draw fixed salaries, and cannot make a fresh bargain, should be compensated for the loss suffered in exchange between silver and gold currency.

#### CAN COUNTIES "DOP"?

IT is impossible, in view of a recently published correspondence between the North Wales Property Defence Association and Mr. GLADSTONE, to help asking oneself the question which stands at the head of this article. Nevertheless, we would not have our readers to suppose that we are in any doubt about the answer. Indeed, the sentence itself, for all its interrogative form, is not so much a question as a mere *cri du cœur*. Counties cannot "dop." We know it. Everybody knows it; and Mr. GLADSTONE better than any one else (except, perhaps, Mr. THOMAS ELLIS) when he made that memorable speech of his at the foot of Snowdon. For, if dopping had been a thing by any possibility to be expected from a county, it seems certain that Mr. GLADSTONE, acting upon those admonitions with which Professor STUART has inscribed the mindful tablets of his heart, would have gone slow. He would not have said that "in Wales there were 'actually four counties in which during that period of 'distress the rents, so far from being reduced 24 per cent., so far from being reduced 7 per cent., were actually raised.' Or, if he had said so, he would not have ventured to fence with the Secretary of the North Wales Property Defence Association when that gentleman applied to him for further and better particulars, for fear that the aspersed counties of that half of the Principality should have sternly brought him to book.

It is, indeed, easy to see from the correspondence how secure Mr. GLADSTONE feels himself from the risk of receiving a lawyer's letter. To Mr. OWEN's first communication, enclosing a report of the above-quoted remark, and asking to be favoured with the authority on which it was made, Mr. GLADSTONE replied through his private secretary that "the figures on which 'he based his recent statements with regard to the 'reduction of rent in Wales were obtained from 'the late Chancellor of the Exchequer.' Thereupon Mr. OWEN again wrote asking Mr. GLADSTONE "either to specify by name the three counties 'left unnamed,' or—what, he added, would be quite sufficient for the purpose—to say that 'the said three 'counties are not in North Wales.' To this Mr. GLADSTONE's private secretary sent a reply which we venture to think will take high rank, short as it is, in Gladstonian epistolary literature. His chief, Mr. SPENCER LYTTLETON wrote, "would rather not trust 'his memory, and would advise your asking for the 'figures. If you will tell him what you would wish, 'he will see whether they can be given." Translated into ordinary human speech, the answer amounts to this:—"You ask me for specific details of a general 'accusation. I should prefer your asking me for the 'evidence on which it was founded; and if, therefore, 'you will kindly find out for yourself what that evi-

dence was, and apply to me for its production, 'I will see whether you can have it or not. In the 'meantime, kindly inform me whether you wish you 'may get it." Matter-of-fact Mr. OWEN did upon this inform Mr. SPENCER LYTTLETON that he wished he might get it. He wrote on the 30th of September "making a respectful request that he might be 'favoured with the loan of the document from which 'Mr. GLADSTONE quoted his figures, in order that 'he might make a copy of it." To this no answer; and to another letter in the same terms a week later no answer; and to yet another letter of even later date, addressed in this instance to Mr. GLADSTONE direct, no answer. The rest, in fact, is silence, and we cannot help reflecting how different, if counties were colonels, would or might have been the issue of the correspondence. But unfortunately they are not. They have solicitors, it is true, who may be said to represent them in their comital capacity; but these county officials cannot "dop" in their names. Nor can the landlords of the North Welsh counties indicated, or glanced at, combine to consult a solicitor, and to threaten Mr. GLADSTONE with legal proceedings for having slandered them in their character of landlords. So there is, unhappily, no chance of the faithful Gladstonian being again edified by a flurried letter from his revered leader, informing some menacing firm of legal correspondents that he never said the gun was loaded—or, in other words, that, though he stated that Welsh rents were raised during the period of distress, he did not for a moment mean to suggest that the landlords required them to be paid.

#### TIMBUCTOO.

THE habit of accurate quotation of verse is one of the rarest virtues in writers and speakers, even when the most familiar poets and the most accessible of books are referred to. It is not strange, therefore, that there should be no agreement among the correspondents who have been showing a lively interest in the famous quatrain about the missionary and the cassowary, "On the plains of Timbuctoo." There are almost as many disputants as to the authorship of this amusing jingle-jangle as there are various readings. Did Mr. THACKERAY write it? Or was Bishop WILBERFORCE, or BARHAM, the author? We shall probably never know. There seems to have been a scattering of the poppy of oblivion in the matter. But a large number of persons, knowing nothing of the author, are very well convinced as to what he wrote. Mr. HUXLEY gives one version, Sir GEORGE GROVE gives another, Mr. W. GREENWOOD another, and so on. But all differ, and some to an incredible extent. Then comes the cautious correspondent, the man who waits until the crop of errors is ripe for the withering, who declares that all the readings are incorrect, save his. And this, too, proves incorrect, according to the version we hold, which runs thus:—

Would I were a cassowary  
On the plains of Timbuctoo!  
I would eat a missionary,  
Hat and coat and hymn-book, too.

Here, it may be noted, metre and rhythm are perfect, which is more than can be said for some of the other versions. Then the "h" and "c" of "hat" and "coat," corresponding in sound with the initial and final of "hymn-book," supply a pretty alliterative aid. Mr. HUXLEY's version gives "Cassock, bands, and 'hymn-book, too," which, we fear, may be interpreted in some quarters as showing animus. Missionaries do not generally wear cassock and bands, by the way. Sir GEORGE GROVE's reading is in a different metre, and the third line—

I'd soon devour that missionary—

obviously refers to some particular missionary, whose obnoxious features have been portrayed in a previous stanza. We do not despair of the recovery of that stanza, and possibly may arrive at the identification of that missionary. But is it not strange that a quatrain so attractive, so simple, so exquisite in music and sentiment, should have become so corrupt? Everybody knows it, for everybody has heard it; and once heard it is not to be forgotten. More retentive verses than these it were difficult to conceive. Yet the text has become hopelessly "varied," and it is literally the "rhymes" only that remain undisputed.

#### MR. LABOUCHERE ON FOREIGN POLICY.

"HAPPY," begins Mr. LABOUCHERE in the *North American Review*, "is the nation that has no foreign policy." This is like saying, "Happy is the man who has no lightning-conductor, no life-belt, no spectacles, and no umbrella!" Such an ejaculation, not to be nonsense too rank even for the intellectual swallow of the Radical, must mean—can only mean—that that man is happy who is now, and ever shall be, exempt from the dangers, drawbacks, and discomforts against which these appliances are designed to provide; whose house is predestinately safe from the thunderstorm, and his life from the sea; whose eyesight will never fail him, and who is miraculously assured against the possibility of ever being caught in a shower. Happy, in other words, is the man who needs none of these protections; and Mr. LABOUCHERE may, of course, say that all he himself meant was, Happy the nation which, like that whose public he is addressing, has no foreign policy because it needs none. But, though he might easily enough give the form of sense to his proposition in this way, he would be yet a long way from ridding it of the essential foolishness of its matter. For it is perfectly plain to any one who is accustomed to follow the workings of the modern Radical mind that Mr. LABOUCHERE starts from the assumption that to be without a foreign policy is a good thing in itself, and then resolutely proceeds to pervert, deny, or ignore any fact, either of politics or of human nature, which makes for the conclusion that whether to have a foreign policy be a curse or a blessing, it is for this country a simple necessity.

The process is a very familiar one, though Mr. LABOUCHERE goes through it with a funny air of profundity and self-importance as who should suppose himself to be its inventor. It would be so economical to do without a foreign policy; it would leave the country, so long as other nations permitted it to exist, with such a heap of money to spend on fads; it would be so exasperating to the Tories to tread on their traditional principles, and to cut them off from that form of national service which they have practically monopolized and won distinction in for a hundred years; it would leave Radicalism with so absolutely free a hand for mischief at home, and with such undistracted leisure for turning all the institutions upside down; in short, the advantages which would accrue to the Radical (who is the People, none other being genuine) from dispensing with a foreign policy are so obvious, and would be so overwhelming, that, in the nature of things, there ought not to be, and anyhow there must not and shall not be, any need for a foreign policy at all. Let us, therefore, set to work to caricature the history of the past, and to distort the circumstances of the present; let us misread English statesmanship from the date of the war with revolutionary France down to the day of the occupation of anarchic Egypt, and malign every English statesman who has saved the life of the nation or upheld its honour, from PITT down to Lord SALISBURY, that so it may be demonstrated that

our foreign policy for a century past has been either the insane pursuit of disastrous illusions or the deliberate promotion of sordid party ends. Mr. LABOUCHERE's exercise on this agreeable and inspiring theme in the American periodical above mentioned is neither better nor worse, neither wiser nor foolisher, neither fairer nor more unfair, than scores of others that have preceded it at various periods since the rise of the New Radicalism. But it is more readable than most of them, and it is likely for some reasons to be more mischievous than any. For foreign critics, and especially French critics interested in the question of Egypt, will, of course, be apt to believe that, though Mr. LABOUCHERE's views are not, perhaps, dominant in the Cabinet—from which, although not at all in consequence of these views, he has been excluded—they are more or less influentially represented therein, and under easily conceivable contingencies might, in fact, prevail. And it has at least to be admitted that this belief of the French critic is not so very wide of the mark.

#### THE FUNERAL OF LORD TENNYSON.

THE funeral of Lord TENNYSON was in some respects like most occasions on which large numbers of human beings are collected together. It may be that the Abbey authorities and the police thought the usual tendency of all crowds to become mobs would be controlled by the nature of the ceremony and the character of the congregation which might be expected to assemble. If so, their confidence was by no means justified. The sightseer element was very conspicuously present, and behaved as it is wont to do in all crushes. Men pushed, women fought, elbowed, and twisted their way in as they might have done at the door of a pit. There were some, chiefly women, who on common occasions could probably behave as well as dress and look like ladies, who endeavoured to fight their way into reserve seats without tickets, or contributed to produce confusion and try the admirable patience of the police on duty by neglecting to inform themselves in time of the difference between the West cloister and the South transept. It was perhaps inevitable, but it was certainly incongruous, that the "gentlemen of the Press" should be seen within a few feet of the grave, sketching or making notes, with no deliberate irreverence certainly, but with very businesslike secular activity, while the Dean was reading the prayers of the Church, and the choir was singing Bishop HEBER's hymn. Such disagreeable details as these must, we fear, be accepted as inevitable. Neither were they so manifest as to spoil the effect of a very dignified ceremony. A great congregation, including some of the foremost of living Englishmen, was assembled. The beautiful Burial Service of the Church was enriched by the chanting of Lord TENNYSON's own "Crossing the Bar" and "The Silent Voices," set to music which had the merit of allowing the words to be fully heard. In spite of the unseemly conduct of some who came to stare, and to boast that they had been present, Lord TENNYSON was buried in his appropriate resting-place in a manner not unworthy of the nation which was honoured by his genius.

#### THOMAS WOOLNER.

AT any other moment than the present the disappearance from the world of art and letters of so remarkable a figure as Mr. Woolner would have attracted much remark. As time goes on his presence will be missed more than it well can be during the mourning for Lord Tennyson, although it was greatly missed at the Abbey on Wednesday. It cannot be said that Mr. Woolner carried off a unani-



mously voted palm with the work of his life. Some ill-natured persons used to declare that poets admired his sculpture and sculptors were amazed that he wrote poetry. The suggestion was unfair; but there was a grain of truth behind the jest. Not fully as a sculptor and still less as a poet did Mr. Woolner fulfil his promise; but very young critics scarcely remember how admirable that promise was. The want of familiarity with Mr. Woolner's early productions of both kinds which has been shown in the various obituary notices of him this week goes far to exemplify the short memory of the press. Mr. Woolner, who was born at the close of 1825, made his first mark before he was eighteen with a "Puck" which, in the then dead condition of sculpture at the close of the Chantreyan age, seemed quite a portent. It was a little group, with a great deal of landscape about it—a broad fungus, ferns, flowers, and rotten leaves, which were being drawn under by worms, all minutely designed. It was much talked about, although not sold, and among its admirers was the young and already successful poet Tennyson. After some years Mr. Woolner did fall in with the pre-Raphaelites, and was accepted as their sculptor. In 1850 he appeared in a new light, as a contributor of poetry to *The Germ*. Then he went to Australia, and it was not until his return in 1856 that he began to be famous. The next twenty years were his blossoming period.

In his early productions, and especially in his beautiful imaginative reliefs, it was easy to see, what younger critics often question, that Mr. Woolner possessed qualities which naturally drew him to Rossetti and to Mr. Holman Hunt. In those early days he seemed to love detail for its own sake, to be tempted to overcrowd his compositions with the picturesque, and to resist the conventional forms in fashion. He ought thirty years later to have sympathized with the new school in sculpture, but by that time his early enthusiasm had worn itself out. At the very moment when sculpture was craving more truth of modelling, more vivacity, more individual a touch, Mr. Woolner announced that sublimity was only to be secured by smoothness, and produced busts which looked as though they had been made in some soft substance and subjected to heat. For the time—and perhaps only for the time—not a few even of the works which were unveiled twenty years ago with infinite gratulation seem questionable to their old admirers. But we ought to go further back, and among the earlier busts and reliefs of Woolner (for his statues were less fortunate) many will be found which must always preserve their charm. His "Virgilia" has a grace which is worthy to be called Shakspearian; he who visits the diploma gallery of the Royal Academy will find there few better compositions than his "Pallas and Achilles." Unlike Flaxman, Mr. Woolner was an indifferent modeller, but a very accomplished carver. He was an exceedingly skilful and imaginative artist, who was chiefly lacking in suppleness of temper.

As a poet Mr. Woolner made several appearances, and never without a certain success. It was not until 1863 that he came forward first with a book, several numbers of which had been admired in *The Germ*. To this volume he gave the extremely felicitous title of *My Beautiful Lady*, and he sold three substantial editions. It seemed at the time as though Mr. Woolner were about to take his place among the leading poets of the age; but *My Beautiful Lady* has not been reprinted until this very week since 1865, and is no longer familiar to the reading public. It is a tragic story of love told in eighteen lyrical or idyllic divisions, and in an almost equal number of measures. Of the latter some were fantastic, like those of Donne and his followers, but all were employed by a skilful hand. There was nothing of the amateur about Mr. Woolner's versification. What was wanted was a certain definiteness of style. All was graceful and polished, nothing was eminently fine. "To call My Lady where she stood," and portions of "I love My Lady," will probably live in anthologies of the nineteenth century. In 1881 and in 1884 Mr. Woolner came forward again with a *Pygmalion* and a shorter *Silenus*, blank-verse studies of merit, but somewhat cold and marmoreal in their severity. A man of great force of character, who was widely known and respected, he will probably fill no small place in the memoirs of the century. His presence was leonine and his speech Landorian, and few men of his generation had a greater fund of talk or a more telling delivery. He had, at one time or another, been the friend of almost every artist or writer of his age.

#### A BLIND MARSUPIAL.

THE animal kingdom in Australia is a study of perennial interest. The fish are wonderful enough, especially those which seem able to live without water. As for

The strange bright birds on their starry wings,

their number is inexhaustible. The parakeets alone in the Melbourne market on a fine Saturday are worth going all the way to see. So are the birds in the Zoological Gardens at Adelaide, where species never likely to be brought to this country will be found. An excellent and extensive collection of skins is in the Museum. Here, too, the astonished traveller sees the *Ornithorhynchus*, with its pouch and an egg in the pouch. In the Museum or in the Gardens the visitor could spend many days, comparing one by one all the extraordinary forms of pouched animals with the similar examples of his native land. There is no pouched cow, but it cannot, geologically speaking, be long since a graminivorous marsupial of about the same size ranged the bush. They call it now *Nototherium*; but, big as it was, another was still bigger, and must have been like an elephant in many ways. This was the magnified wombat, to the skeleton of which in the Cromwell Road we see appended the comparatively brief name of *Diprotodont*. It really seems sometimes as if the smaller the animal the longer its name. The *Ornithorhynchus anatinus* is only a few inches long. As to the size of the latest discovery among the marsupials we have so far no information. He may be as big as the *Diprotodont*, or no larger than the Duckbill; but on this head Dr. Stirling, who alone has described him, preserves strict silence—why no one can tell.

It was reported a little time ago in some of our newspapers that during Lord Kintore's journey across the island—Australians say the continent—from the northern territory, which belongs to South Australia, to Adelaide, a very singular marsupial was discovered. There was very little more about it, and a fully detailed account has been looked for with interest. That account is to be found in the *Transactions* of the Royal Society of South Australia. Dr. Stirling, who accompanied the Governor in his long ride, is no doubt an excellent naturalist, and has spared no pains in dissecting the strange animal and counting all its teeth and bones; but Dr. Stirling tells his story somehow as if it did not interest him, and was not likely to interest anybody else. His style, moreover, "leaves to desire," and his meaning is sometimes not very clear. For this and other reasons it must be that the discovery has excited so little notice here. As was remarked above, we are not informed whether the creature is larger or smaller than the *Diprotodont*; but from the length of its name we are forced to think it is very small. Dr. Stirling calls it *Notoryctes typhlops*, and proposed at first to call it something nearly as long again, but found he was forestalled, as some presumably still smaller animal already bore that appellation. Dr. Stirling, having named his beast, proceeds to tell us how he encountered him. It seems that he was first observed by a Mr. Bishop at a place almost in the centre of Australia called Idracowra. Subsequently another gentleman, Mr. Benham, forwarded a specimen to Adelaide, where it was received by the learned with much curiosity. Finally, Dr. Stirling, in company with Lord Kintore, passed near Idracowra—how near we do not know; but five or six hundred miles is near in Australia—and Mr. Benham brought a specimen or two to meet him, and, what is almost as important, brought also a description of one which lived a measurable time in captivity, but appears to have died of fright in a thunderstorm. Furthermore, there was an account of one which burrowed its way underground with such rapidity as to elude the most instant and careful search. Lastly, the native name was acquired, *Oor-quámata*, and the fact that the creature is regarded by the blacks with superstitious awe.

It is well known, of course, that, besides the marsupials with which we are best acquainted, such as the kangaroos and wallabies, Australia boasts of animals which resemble squirrels—some of them very closely; of others which are, both in appearance and morals, very like wolves, but striped like tigers; of bears, which have acquired such a character that they are locally known as d—ls. Other queer forms there be, but the *Notoryctes* surpasses them all, for he is a marsupial mole. One reason he has not been discovered

sooner is that during the greater part of his life he is underground. And this fact also accounts for the most extraordinary feature described by Dr. Stirling, who mentions it quite incidentally, and as if it is not the most wonderful feature among all the wonderful features of the Australian marsupials. It is absolutely blind. "Nature, when she made the face, forgot to dot the eyes." Rudimentary eyeballs may be found, as in the Adelsberg Proteus, by dissection, but they are unconnected with the optic nerve, which also exists in a rudimentary stage. No other quadruped is known to possess this peculiarity. Otherwise *Notoryctes* somewhat resembles a mole; but his hair is longer, and sandy in colour—a fact which Mr. Beddard may work into the next edition of his book on the colours of animals. There is one thing more to be noted about the sand-mole. We have spoken of it as a marsupial. If any one looks at a kangaroo, he can see that the pouch is in front, and, especially when it is occupied, hangs well, and rather loosely, open. Now, if we could imagine that it was the habit of the kangaroo to discard the use of legs, to go about upon that part of its person where the pouch is found, and to use its nose for burrowing into loose sand-heaps, it does not require much imagination to show that the pouch must always be scraping up sand, to the great inconvenience of the occupant; but the pouch of the *Notoryctes* is turned the other way up. The parent mole may scrape along as it pleases, with its horny nose and its digging claws, through all its sandy burrows, and not a grain need enter the pouch. We must hope, before long, to have better accounts, and possibly a specimen or two, of this singular animal.

#### COMIC OPERA.

**T**HEATRICAL fashions come and go. At one time there is a run on one class of play, and then it becomes temporarily extinct to give place to another variety. At the present time comic opera is in the ascendant, for a few days since more than a fourth of the whole number of London theatres which were then open were offering this species of entertainment. Nineteen houses had resumed or were continuing their business, and at five of them comic opera was being given; first and foremost, *Haddon Hall* at the Savoy, *Incognita* at the Lyric, *The Wedding Eve* at the new Trafalgar Square, *Cigarette* at the Shaftesbury, and *The Baroness* at the Royalty. This week the Prince of Wales's will open with a sixth, *In Town*, postponed from last week; and as Gaiety burlesque in its saner moments has no little affinity to comic opera, it will be seen that this kind of composition is specially in vogue just now, for it must not be forgotten how many other recognized forms of dramatic work there are, from tragedy to burlesque, passing through the intermediate classes of drama, melodrama, play, historical or otherwise, comedy proper, comedy farcical, farce pure and simple, and extravaganza of various descriptions. The attractiveness of comic opera is, however, comprehensible enough when it is good of its sort, when the music is pretty, scored with taste, and not too full of reminiscences; when the story is not too old, or too vulgar, or too stupid; when there is at least a little wit or humour in the dialogue; when the lovers are agreeable and the monarch—for in comic opera an eccentric monarch is as essential as a villain to a melodrama—droll in some comparatively novel way.

These requirements are very fairly fulfilled by *Incognita* at the Lyric. M. Lecocq is a musician, and not merely a composer of comic opera; a distinction which will be understood by those who have heard—in some cases endured—would be the better term—works of the kind during a series of years. At the same time, it must be observed that there is confession that M. Lecocq's score of *La Main et le Cœur*, from which *Incognita* is adapted, is not among his best, in the fact that the original has been supplemented by other hands. What is left is bright and melodious; and the same may generally be said for what has been substituted. *Incognita* is interesting because it brings to the front a young composer of whom we had hitherto heard little, Mr. Herbert Bunning, who is reported to have exchanged a military for a musical career. He conducts in a manner which shows his perfect competency for the task, and he has also written several numbers which, if not remarkable when judged, for example, by the side of Sir

Arthur Sullivan's writing for Savoy opera, are none of them without a certain degree of merit. The most elaborate of his pieces is a prelude to the third act. Since Signor Mascagni's almost too popular *intermezzo* to the *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *intermezzi* have become the rage. Perhaps Mr. Bunning would not have tried his hand had not Signor Mascagni led the way; the result, however, is quite sufficient to show that Mr. Bunning has both gifts and accomplishments for the profession he has adopted. This prelude is, indeed, no more appropriate to comic opera than is the tragic *intermezzo* in *L'Amico Fritz* to that purely pastoral story; but it has musicianly qualities. "Yvolde"—as another English composer, whose name is becoming favourably known, chooses to call himself—also contributes some graceful dance music.

As for the story of *Incognita*, which Mr. Burnand has dealt with cleverly, it will serve. Mr. Monkhouse is the eccentric monarch, King of North Portugal, who wishes his daughter Micaela to marry Gaetan, son of the King of South Portugal; and the story describes how Gaetan, having fallen in love with a peasant girl—in reality the Princess herself disguised—will not even look at the bride which the wisdom of councillors has designed for him. This is the whole plot; but what is far worse than too slight a plot in a comic opera is one that is too intricate, and so *Incognita* falls short in the right direction. A Miss Sedohr Rhodes, who has been much talked about, appears as Micaela, sings as well as her limited vocal means will allow, and in other respects shows capacity for the stage. Miss Aida Jenoure, who made a very successful London debut in *The Mountebanks*, is here pleasantly employed as Josefa, the Princess's confidant. Mr. John Child sings with a lusty tenor voice as Josefa's lover, but his general style is too heavy for light opera. Mr. Wallace Brownlow, who comes near to having a good baritone voice, fills the part of the Prince with some distinction. Altogether the piece, with its bright dresses and dances, constitutes a decidedly agreeable entertainment.

Of the Royalty opera, *The Baroness*, written and composed by Mr. Cotsford Dick, quite as much cannot be said. Some of Mr. Dick's music is tuneful, but he has probably found out that there is a difference between writing songs and pianoforte pieces and composing the score of an opera, even a light comic one. We do not want to be harsh, however, and do want to be just, so that we must admit that, ambitious as his finishes are in comparison with the work by which he has hitherto been known, there is much in them that is creditable.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

**O**N Monday the *Times* published a final Report on the condition of the crops in Great Britain. But, although it is called "final," it is to be recollected that the harvest is about three weeks late, and that on the 1st of this month, when the returns were made up, there was yet very much to be done. For instance, we are told that there is still a good deal of corn out in Herefordshire, Nottinghamshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire, while in Northumberland, the North Riding of Yorkshire, Westmoreland, Durham, and Cumberland, there are wide breadths still to be cut, and much remains to be done both in Scotland and Wales. As, unfortunately, the weather has been very unfavourable since the beginning of the month, it is only too probable that even the *Times*' estimate, bad as it is, takes too good a view. The wheat crop is one of the worst of the century—certainly the worst of the present generation, with the exception, perhaps, of 1879. Taking 100 as representing an average crop, on the 1st of October throughout Great Britain, the *Times* reports the condition to have been no better than 82·7. The crop, therefore, was about 17½ per cent. under average. In several important districts matters are far worse. Thus, we are told that some of the reports from Bedfordshire are to the effect that it is the worst harvest for years. From Bucks comes the statement, "worst ever known, many yielding only 10 bushels to the acre"; from Cambridgeshire, "yield half an average"; from Cumberland, "crops terribly damaged"; Derby, "some wheat looks as if it will never ripen"; from Devon, "small inferior grain"; and from Essex, "quality very poor, a large percentage sprouted." Although, then, if we take the



whole of Great Britain, the crop is about 82½ per cent. of an average, in many important districts it is far worse—in some not better than half an average, and in others even lower still. Bearing in mind that wheat is excessively cheap, the outlook for our farmers is certainly gloomy. Potatoes, too, are a bad crop. They have suffered widely from disease, and also from frost. The average condition is reported as 95½. And beans likewise are bad, only 80·9. Barley is still the best of our grain crops, though it fell off somewhat in September, the condition being represented by 97. Oats, likewise, are fairly good, the condition being 93. Altogether, then, it will be seen that the cereal crops are unfavourable, that some are decidedly bad, and that in important districts wheat may almost be described as an actual failure. Prices, too, are very low, and the quality nowhere is good. Even barley, which promised so well, has suffered much in quality, so that a large proportion which was expected to be fit for malting will not now be so. Bearing in mind that the hay crop was exceedingly bad, it is evident that British farming has suffered seriously this year. Even the root crops are not very good, though they improved during September. The general population will not suffer much. We grow at home only a small proportion of our food, and prices, therefore, have not been seriously affected by the badness of the harvest, nor is it likely that there will be much advance, at all events for some months, for the yield is generally good all over the world, Russia being the most important exception. But the losses of our farmers must tell not only upon the agricultural labourers, but also upon the landowners. Every one interested in land will have less to spend, and it follows necessarily that, as agriculture is still our greatest single industry, its depression must have a bad effect upon trade. Up to the present the home trade has kept wonderfully good, having been little depressed by the great crisis through which the world is passing. But, as the agricultural classes will now be unable to buy as freely as usual from the towns, it is almost inevitable that the home trade must suffer. No doubt, the farmers of foreign countries will buy more freely from us in return for our purchases from them. But all the great countries from which we receive food have been affected more or less by the crisis, and are now suffering from the depreciation of silver, while the McKinley Tariff is also unfavourable to our trade. Upon the whole, then, it is to be feared that the bad harvest will intensify the trade depression.

The stoppage of gold exports from the United States and the rise in the value of money in New York, together with the withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England for Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Egypt, are at length beginning to tell upon the money market. There has not yet, however, been as much rise as might have been expected, for it seems probable that before the year is out the withdrawals of gold will become considerable.

The silver market has been very firm during the week, and the price rose on Thursday to 38½d. per ounce. But the advance is purely speculative, and it is only too probable that there will be another sharp fall before long.

In the Stock Exchange there has been much more business doing than for a long time past. South American securities especially are coming into popular favour. The Chilean Government has concluded arrangements with Messrs. Rothschild for a loan in gold of 1,800,000*l.*, to bear 5 per cent. interest, the issue price being 95. The loan is intended to pay off a floating debt incurred by President Balmaceda during the civil war, and recognized by the new Government, the object being to withdraw inconvertible paper, and so raise the value of the notes. The policy is, no doubt, wise; but it is to be borne in mind, firstly, that the loan will be followed by the export of a considerable amount of gold to Chili, which will tell upon our own money market; and, secondly, that the resources of Chili have been wasted by the civil war, and that a long time must elapse before the country will thoroughly recover. It is to be hoped, therefore, that British investors will not be too eager in their purchases of Chilean securities. Brazilian securities, too, have also been dealt in largely. We can see no good reason for the buying. Ever since the overthrow of the Empire the Republican Government has been carrying out a reckless and wasteful policy. It has given concessions of all kinds with a lavish hand. It has increased seriously the already too large guarantees to industrial Companies, and it has allowed banks to issue paper altogether beyond the requirements of the country. As a natural consequence there has been a wild speculation, and

it is inevitable that Brazil must continue to suffer for years to come. No doubt the country has great resources; but, unless caution is observed, there will be losses in Brazil, not, of course, as great as those incurred in Argentina, but still serious. More unwise still has been the speculation that has grown up in Argentine securities. It is quite true that the new President is now installed, that the Provisional Government is at an end, that very soon it may be expected that negotiations for a settlement of the debt will be begun, that the crisis has compelled a large migration from the towns to the country, that production has increased, and that gradually the Republic is recovering from the crisis. There appears to be good ground for believing that the worst is over, and that especially industrial Companies, such as railways, will now make larger profits. But, even in industrial securities, the speculation of the week has been reckless. So great a rise is not justified, and it is only too probable that there will be a fall by-and-by. As for the Government securities, no wise man will buy them eagerly. It is certain that the debt is too large, and that there must be an arrangement to reduce the interest. How great the reduction will be, what preference will be given to this or that loan, how the provisional debts and the Cédulas will be dealt with, nobody knows. Buying without knowledge at present quotations is mere gambling, and cannot end well, if there is not more judgment shown than there has been this week. The United States railway department has also been firm; but business has not been very active, on account of the Columbus fêtes in the United States. It looks, however, as if the great operators in New York were preparing for another attempt to put up prices. It is to be hoped that British investors will not follow them blindly. In the inter-Bourse market, the most remarkable movement has been a rise in Portuguese bonds to over 26. Nothing is known to justify a recovery. Portugal is admittedly bankrupt, and offers to pay no more than 1 per cent. upon its debt. To the ordinary mind, 26 for a 1 per cent. stock of a bankrupt Government seems an extravagant price. In Spanish securities there have been ups and downs. The great bankers in Paris are doing all in their power to support the market, but at the same time it is becoming clear, even to superficial observers, that the Bank of Spain cannot much longer go on lending to the Government. The great French bankers know very well what they are about, and we would earnestly advise British investors to leave the market to them; if they do not, they will have cause to repent. Russian securities likewise have been well supported, although for the first half of the current year the receipts fell off nearly three-quarters of a million sterling, and the expenditure increased about nine millions sterling.

There has been less movement during the week in high-class securities than in speculative, but the first have likewise risen. Consols closed on Thursday at 97½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. Canadian Three and a Half closed at 105½, a rise of ½; New South Wales Three and a Half closed at 95½, a rise of 1; and New Zealand Three and a Half closed at 96½, a rise of 1½. Home Railway stocks show little change, the most important being in Midland, which closed on Thursday at 157½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½. In the American department, again, the changes are not very considerable. Illinois Central closed at 101½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Louisville and Nashville shares closed at 71½, a rise of 1½; and Milwaukee closed at 81½, a rise of ½. But in Central and South American securities there has been a large business, and a rapid advance. To begin with Argentine railways, Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed on Thursday at 131-3, a rise of 2 compared with the preceding Thursday; Argentine Great Western Debentures closed at 56-8, a rise of 4; Central Argentine closed at 74, a rise of 5½; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 80-2, a rise of as much as 9. Turning next to the Government loans, we find the Five per Cents of 1886 closed on Thursday at 70½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 4½; and there was a similar rise in Funding, which closed at 65½. Chilean Four and a Half per Cents closed at 91½, a rise of 1; Brazilian Four and a Half per Cents closed at 73, a rise of 1½; Mexican Internal closed at 26½, a rise of 1½; Mexican Six per Cents closed at 80½, a rise of

2½. Mexican Railway First Preference stock closed at 80½, a rise of 2½, and Mexican National "A" Bonds closed at 47, a rise of as much as 4½. In the inter-Bourse department the chief movement has been in Portuguese, which closed on Thursday at 25½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. South African mining and land shares have been strong, and a further advance has been maintained.

#### THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE Leeds Musical Festival of 1892 will be remembered not so much for the greatness of the solo singers, or for the novel interest attaching to the works performed, as for the unsurpassed magnificence of the choir, which has been extended to 324 voices since the last Festival, and now represents the vocal talent of the whole of the West Riding. We are given to understand that this result has not been achieved without much internal friction. The difficulties to be overcome, and the changes to be wrought, have been great; but if the creaking of the machinery has been laid bare to the public in a somewhat ill-advised manner, their grateful appreciation of the result should be all the more cordially bestowed upon those who have borne the burden of this work, and brought about such a result; and in saying this special reference should be made to Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir Joseph Barnby, who have done so much to make this great national Festival what it is. In 1889 a number of new and rarely heard works was gone through by a body of musicians of whom a most important section—the choristers, to wit—had sung themselves out before the Festival began, since rehearsals were held up to the opening day. The pleasure which amateurs felt at the interest of the compositions was dashed by the way in which they were performed by the jaded singers. It seemed that the famous Leeds Choir had fallen from its proud position, and that recovery, if it were possible, must be brought about by an entire change of organization. The change has been even more thorough than was anticipated, and the voices have this year been allowed a day of complete rest immediately before the Festival. The result was altogether satisfactory, and it is quite certain that a finer body of voices has not been heard in England, whether the mere beauty and strength of the material, or the intelligence and musical feeling of their performances, be regarded. As if in order to avoid overworking the choir, the number of new works was this year far smaller than usual, even according to the first arrangement; in actual fact, only two novelties were ultimately produced, and in only one of these did the choir take part.

Both the new works were successful and worthy of admiration, but it was not from them that the Festival derived its claim to be considered as the most successful ever held in Leeds. The two performances which produced the most overwhelming impression, and showed most clearly of what manner of stuff the choir was made, were those of Bach's Mass in B minor, first heard in Leeds six years ago, and of Dr. Hubert Parry's magnificent twelve-part psalm, "De Profundis." The great Mass, which in its own direction marks the ultimate attainment of human power, had been often sung in London since its first revival by the Bach Choir in 1875, but at no period of that choir's existence could any performance of equal merit have been given. In 1886 the fine choir then existing in Leeds had completely mastered the notes, and even the most complicated passages were sung with admirable precision; something remained, however, in the direction of intellectual grasp of the composition, and the London Society seemed to have entered more deeply into the spirit of the master than the provincial singers could. Now, however, the Festival Choir shows no trace of imperfection even in this respect; every passage was phrased with consummate art, and the soul of the work was as fully realized as its outer form. The effect made, not only by the splendid "Gloria" and the other numbers which appeal at once to all who have ears, but by such less obvious sections as the opening "Kyrie," was prodigious. For the first time since the revival of the Mass, all three trumpet parts were played on the instruments copied from the trumpet of Bach and Handel's day, an instrument the recovery of which is among the most curious incidents in recent musical history. The sound of the three parts, all exactly of the same quality, in the introduction to the "Gloria," in the imitations of the

"Gratias," and many other places, was incredibly beautiful, and Mr. Morrow and his companions deserve all praise for their perseverance in mastering the new instruments sufficiently to attain so fine a result. The horn obligato of the "Quoniam," and the flute part of many numbers, were excellently played, but one sad blot on the performance was the violin obligato of Mr. Carrodus, exhibited in two solos with the most disappointing effect. There may have been excuses for the player, but the fact must be recorded. No part of the chorus showed any falling off; and, after the opening chorus, which was taken too fast, the voices rolled out the massive sounds of the "Gloria," the "Cum Sancto Spiritu," and the group for the crucifixion and the resurrection, in a manner that suggested to the mind the masonry of some grand old cathedral. In Bach, more than in any other composer, we seem to have embodied, not merely the spirit of religion, but the spirit of theology and ecclesiasticism. Handel expresses at times the religious fervour which seems to carry the soul up to the feet of God; but Bach conceives in his music the Church history of the ages. The other most noteworthy feature of the Festival was the performance of Dr. Parry's Psalm, the production of which was the main interest of the last Hereford Festival. It is unnecessary to describe at length its massive construction, or the different ways in which the twelve parts are combined; the effect of the whole, as sung by the various sections of the Festival Choir last Saturday, was quite overpowering, and Miss Anna Williams's extremely fine singing of the difficult solo part was no slight factor in the result.

The new cantata, *Arethusa*, given on Thursday night, is the work of a composer who has not before essayed any of the larger forms of music, and upon whom, therefore, a somewhat excessive responsibility was placed, seeing that his work was the main novelty of the week. Happily Dr. Alan Gray's shoulders are quite broad enough to bear the burden, and the wisdom of the authorities in choosing his cantata for performance was amply proved by the result. It is a setting of Shelley's poem, for choir and baritone solo. It is graceful, melodious, expressive, and neatly orchestrated; the solo part is grateful to the singer, and when in combination with the chorus is duly prominent; on the whole, the work shows throughout the hand of a cultivated and genial musician, from whom much may be expected in the future. The other new work, Mr. Frederic Cliffe's Symphony in E minor, must also be considered successful on the whole, though in some respects improvements could be imagined. Its four movements are supposed to carry the hearers through the atmospheric impressions of night, from sunset (the opening allegro is so styled, and is a fairly graphic presentment of the feeling of the hour) to the dawn. Night has two movements to itself, one a serenade, in the course of which a rather commonplace theme is introduced with jarring effect, the other a more or less unconventional "Dance of Fairies." The first three movements are by far the best, since they have great structural interest, besides the remarkable warmth of orchestral colouring which the work exhibits in common with its predecessors. The finale is built upon too many subjects, and, good as some of these are, the impression conveyed is one of unrest and uncertainty of intention. The composer has not been quite careful enough with his themes, even in the other movements; in two prominent instances phrases are used which are a little too strongly influenced by well-known passages in Wagner, notably the "Liebeslied" in the *Walküre*, and one of the love-motives in *Tristan*. In spite of these shortcomings, however, the work produced a most favourable impression, and will no doubt attain the amount of popularity which it certainly deserves.

A programme that would satisfy all tastes would be hard to find; but the introduction of some inferior and dull music may be regarded as an almost necessary relief in a programme which includes the *Elijah*, Mozart's "Requiem," Bach's "Mass in B," Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," Brahms's "Song of Destiny," and the "Hymn of Praise." The Festival began and ended with Mendelssohn, and the Chorus sang with as much purity of tone and vigour on Saturday night in the "Hymn of Praise" as when they began on Wednesday morning with the *Elijah*. It is the fashion of the day to decry Mendelssohn, and to underrate—as it was, perhaps, once the fashion to overrate—him. His music undeniably lacks certain qualities. It is without mystery, and without the depth and power possessed by the greatest masters; but to an unprejudiced mind the loveliness of it will



always be intensely felt. The *Elijah* is not only the greatest and most popular oratorio that has been written since the days of Handel, but possesses a certain dramatic element which was never surpassed, even by that great creator of oratorios. Despite some magnificent things in the second part, there is no doubt that the climax ends with the first, when the life and death struggle between the false and the true prophet is accomplished, and *Elijah* has set his foot upon the priests of Baal. Mendelssohn has expressed all the elements of this drama in his music, and has, moreover, infused into it, side by side with the exceeding bitter cry of the people and the stern patience and scorn of *Elijah*, a vein of ever-recurring tenderness which thrills the soul with a suggestion of far-off reconciliation between truth and love. The airs "If with all your hearts ye truly seek me" and "O rest in the Lord" break upon the ear after the dramatic passages which have gone before with an indescribable tenderness and peace. Mr. Salmond's *Elijah* was disappointing to those who have heard this part sung by Mr. Santley. His voice, though of a beautiful quality, is wholly deficient in dramatic power, the quality most essential to the adequate rendering of this part.

The performances on Thursday will ever be remembered by those who attended them in connexion with the death of the Poet Laureate. The news that his short illness had ended fatally was announced in the streets just as the concert began, and was passed from mouth to mouth as the hall filled. With strange appropriateness Mozart's "Requiem" had been selected for the opening of that morning's performance, and was inevitably associated in the minds of all present with the death of our greatest modern poet. Instinctively, also, one contrasted this death with that of the composer. Mozart fancied that he was writing the "Requiem" for his own funeral, and died before it was completed, still young and in the zenith of his power. Tennyson lived to give his last message to the world complete, and to receive all the reward that fame can give to genius.

In the evening concert of Thursday selections were given from the *Meistersinger*, and here the associations with one master singer again seemed natural. If in the morning Mozart's music had conjured up those thoughts and emotions which we associate with the awful stillness of death, Wagner's marvellous song in the evening performance called back those emotions of joy and beauty which we associate only with the intensest life. Walter's song is, perhaps, the most rapturously happy melody in the world; yet when it is repeated again and again, with ever-increasing confidence and intensity, the effect of it becomes almost unbearable. It hurts with the sadness born of happy things, the sadness which lurks in all human joy, whispering that change must come and that no moment may endure. The quintet at the end of the scene with Hans Sachs was magnificently sung by Mme. Albani, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Plunket Greene, and Mr. Pierce. The selections from the opera before this scene were not very wisely chosen and were received coldly.

In the Friday evening concert were performed two works, each in its way a masterpiece. One was the unfinished Symphony of Schubert, and the other Brahms's "Song of Destiny." For pure, undiluted music, fresh as the morning, and free from the self-conscious and subjective character of modern music, this Symphony of Schubert can hardly be surpassed by any musical composition. In the "Song of Destiny" we have all the restless searching, the unsatisfied desire, and the emotional yearning which marks the spirit of an age, and which no one has expressed with more genius than Brahms.

The programmes, even of the morning concerts, were a good deal too miscellaneous in their arrangement, that of Saturday morning being almost absurd, with its mixture of ballet-music and penitential psalms. But the arrangement had its own advantages; for room was found for a good many more orchestral works than are usually included in festival programmes. Dr. Mackenzie's picturesque ballad, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," and Mr. Edward German's original *Richard III.* Overture, were conducted by their composers, and Sir Arthur Sullivan directed a fine performance of his own beautiful *Tempest* music (the instrumental numbers only), and of his curiously cheerful *In Memoriam* Overture, the latter of which was interpolated on Friday morning with reference to the Laureate's death. The audience rose for the opening bars, which had some show of solemnity, but when these were followed

by an Allegro more in the nature of a jig than of a funeral march, they sat down again in disappointed silence. Of the other pieces conducted by the same hand, Beethoven's Symphony in F, No. 8, Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain," and the *Oberon* Overture went far better than Schubert's famous unfinished Symphony; but undoubtedly the worst performance of the whole week was that of the late Arthur Goring Thomas's "Suite de Ballet," given on the morning when Sir Joseph Barnby acted as Sir Arthur Sullivan's substitute. The three movements which seemed so full of grace and airy beauty on the two occasions when the work was previously heard were gone through without the slightest attempt at reflecting the character of the music as suggested in the title. It is seldom, however, that a festival week passes without some far greater drawbacks than this, and, after all, the splendid performances of the wonderful choir could compensate a good many imperfections. During the whole Festival only one slip of any importance was made, in Walmisley's beautiful madrigal "Sweete Floweres"; in other pieces, whether with or without accompaniment, the singers were absolutely perfect, and mainly to them is the great success of the Festival due.

## REVIEWS.

### TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF ST. ANDREWS.\*

IN the second volume of his work on St. Andrews, "A. K. H. B." mentions that he once wrote an article on a "Celebrity at Home," and that the consequences were not wholly agreeable. His record of life at St. Andrews in his time is mainly concerned with people still alive, or lately dead, and, as in his excursion into "Society Journalism," he treads on treacherous cinders, perhaps also once or twice on human toes. But these expeditions are very rare, perhaps rarer than in the former volume.

It is nearly impossible to write about persons without giving offence, and it seems easy to abstain from writing about persons. A work named *Twenty-five Years of a Country Parson*, by St. Andrews at large, is the only field in which the aggrieved can revenge themselves, if any are aggrieved, which we doubt. If we are to find fault with the book (granting the genre, for which we have no great love), we might say that there is comparatively little about St. Andrews in it, and a good deal about the author's adventures in other places, country houses, London, Edinburgh, and elsewhere. Thus the work is inevitably autobiographical, yet incomplete; for the author frequently refers us to other books of his for a complete statement of his reminiscences. It might have been wiser to produce a regular autobiography, with unity and sequence. The present volume is, and aims at being, no more than a set of jottings, and what unity it possesses is derived rather from the author than from the place. Different people would give different accounts of St. Andrews in the last quarter of a century. Some would dwell on the golf, a game in which "A. K. H. B." does not take a hand; others would have more to say about the antiquities; others about the rather changeable fortunes of the University. But our author, like Socrates, is mainly interested in the people, especially in the distinguished visitors. As all readers of his former essays expect, he has much to say about bishops, about reading prayers in church, about the *Scottish Hymnal*, about the *Scotsman*, and, naturally and necessarily, about Principal Tulloch. He was the last of the great generation of modern St. Andrews, and his death is described with a becoming and generous emotion. There is a passage on his failure to revive *Fraser's Magazine*. It had sunk into decrepitude, and some one very unlike Principal Tulloch—some one younger, more modern, more at the local centre of life and letters—was needed, if something in the nature of a miracle was to be worked. Principal Tulloch had none of the "push" of the modern editor; he was not all things to all men and women, and he found much hardness in a work which another editor described as "a gentlemanly occupation." Principal Tulloch imparted but little vivacity to his magazine, and it is likely that an editor greatly inferior to him in all ways might have had more of the needful qualities. It is not easy to review Dr. Boyd's book consecutively. Among other interesting matters, he has some pages on Glamis Castle. It appears that the people who ought to know best do not believe in the Ghost. Sir Walter Scott, who felt "eery" in Glamis (a feeling which he only knew twice), mentions a secret chamber, but says nothing about its

\* *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews*. By the Author of the "Recreations of a Country Parson." London: Longmans. 1892.

mysterious legendary horror. Probably, then, the story is later than his time, and has neither truth nor a respectable antiquity in its favour. Dr. Boyd says that Sir Walter was "frightened." We demur to this, and to spelling the name of Prince Charles Stuart as Charly, and to Dr. Boyd's opinion that the Prince's features are perpetuated in the Royal Family of to-day, though this is clearly matter of individual judgment. As some portraits give the Prince brown eyes, while the English offer of a reward for him describes them as blue, it may be that his real appearance is as vague to us as that of Queen Mary Stuart. That he had the Royal memory for faces in an extraordinary degree (like a Royal person described by Dr. Boyd) is proved by a curious unpublished anecdote. This is a fascinating topic, but has only the very remotest connexion with Dr. Boyd's St. Andrews. But that venerable background of history is in itself and in its ancient reminiscences a far more tempting theme than are the distinguished modern visitors, though it is really curious to learn that Canon Liddon often mounted John Knox's pulpit and stood there, probably reflecting on the drastic eloquence of that amiable Reformer. Remarkable, too, are Liddon's observations on the institution of bishops; but the passage is one of the plums in the pudding, and it were unfair to extract it. Dr. Boyd seems to believe that Liddon did see the celebrated impaled persons, for Dr. Boyd has tested "the beloved man's sight." The sight of the beloved man was enviably good, also he used an excellent field-glass. The Turks are a conservative people, and were suppressing a revolution. It is impossible to define the exact lengths to which his zeal may have carried some person in authority, and, as we used to hang men in chains, the Turks may have exhibited a dead body on the old Oriental gibbet. But the controversy now interests few people.

It were superfluous in reviewing Dr. Boyd's book to do more than indicate that it possesses his usual qualities, and that it will be found excellent reading by students to whom such records of human existence are dear. We are given the *ipsissima verba* of Mr. Carlyle about the author, and a mythical but popular version is contradicted. We learn something about the experiences of a Moderator, and of one who read *Dr. Jekyll* seven times over, and we are informed that the author burns books which he no longer values. Unluckily, you no sooner get rid of any book than you find yourself in need of it. Nobody will burn Dr. Boyd's book, and among the perilous embers on which he treads, we do not think one will seriously scorch the most sensitive person whom he happens to mention.

#### NOVELS.\*

MRS. J. H. RIDDELL is always best when writing about the City, and when the movement of her story allows her to bring in descriptions of ancient City monuments and street scenery. We do not say she is always best when writing about business; but her thorough belief and interest in all that pertains physically to old London, the genuineness of her own appreciation, give to her City stories, or to some of them, the air and life of reality. *The Head of the Firm* is not one of Mrs. Riddell's very best novels; nor is it by any means one of the worst amongst so many. It is distinctly interesting, though less so in the main motive than in one or two of the side issues. Mr. Edward Desborne, the "head" of his eminent business firm, men of such long-established and honourable position as to rank practically amongst the aristocracy of the nation, is one of those unfortunates who slide into debt, into speculation, into insane plunging, into final ruin, and all without a thought of doing wrong. The wrong is done doubtless, but it was never meant. The sketch is not new in conception nor in treatment. More interest is awakened by the girl Aileen Fermoy, the "coster" girl, who bears her early troubles so well, and is not knocked over by the fortune of a hundred and thirty thousand pounds which arrives one day like a thunderclap. Mrs. Riddell has had the courage to treat Aileen with the utmost truth. Good she always was and true; but something of the coster way of thinking hangs round her to the last. Her way of handing fortunes round to her friends is the way of a woman who has not learned by experience the value or meaning of large sums. Excellent also is the sketch of the elder Desborne, with his antiquarian learning and passion for old churches. Mrs. Riddell

\* *The Head of the Firm*. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. 3 vols. London: William Heinemann. 1892.

*Bob Martin's Little Girl*. By David Christie Murray. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

*Told in the Verandah*. Passages in the Life of Colonel Bowlong set down by his Adjutant. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1892.

*Ben Clough; and other Stories*. By William Westall. London: Ward & Downey. 1892.

*Honours Easy*. By Charles T. C. James. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

knows City clerks as Charlotte Brontë knew curates. Mr. Reginald Tripedale, who is one of them, supplies the comic element in the story, and we like him better when so employed than when sentimentalizing with his brother Gus. By the way, it seems not a quite clear point of law that money left to Mr. Timothy Fermoy should pass exclusively to his daughter, his second wife and widow being alive.

Mr. D. Christie Murray has written many novels both interesting and exciting, and his last, *Bob Martin's Little Girl*, does not fall far behind its fellows. It is a murder story, not mysterious murder nor of a kind to hold the reader in doubt as to the criminal, but murder of as horrible a nature as any one who likes the process of blood-curdling can desire. The ingenuity of the case does not lie in the actual crime, but in the way in which it is led up to. Hetheridge, the person round whom the interest centres, for Bob Martin's little girl has very little to do with it, is shown in early youth hampered by a wrong view of his own rights, and blinded by vindictive desire for a vengeance he has in no sense, human or divine, a claim to. But, half-educated and without good influences of any kind to soften or restrain, he dwells on, cherishes, nourishes his passion of hate for the man who has inherited property Hetheridge thinks should have been his, and married the woman Hetheridge intended should be his own wife. For seven years he works as a financier in Australia, and makes much money, his business faculties working brilliantly alongside the gradual moral atrophy going on within. The author never hints at insanity, nor would any judge or jury for a moment admit insanity as a plea for Hetheridge's acquittal had he ever come to trial, which he never does. But the way in which the evil taken to heart and fed gradually takes possession of the whole nature is most powerfully delineated. The actual machinery of the murder, achieved at last under diabolic conditions, is melodramatic and not very probable. People don't go to France to learn how to speak broken English; physical disguise is one of the likeliest things to be discovered in an English village where people are as inquisitive as monkeys; and Hetheridge, with all the French names in a French census to choose from, would hardly select that of a man who had known him well in Australia, and who was still alive. Again, when young Redwood, the victim's son, has grown up, is in love with Hetheridge's daughter Ellice, and has discovered who his father's murderer was, he distracts his mother, Ellice, and in a minor degree the reader, by refusing explanation of his repudiation of the girl. Because Ellice Hetheridge was not the daughter of the murderer in the least, but Bob Martin's little girl. These are, it is true, the straits novel-writers are put to to lengthen their pages, and suggest scenes, but they should be more knowingly concealed by a practised writer like Mr. Murray. The Australian scenes of this book are well done, and there is a swagsman called Sam Potter, whose irrepressible appearance and interference everywhere are forgiven for the sake of his amusing talk.

That well-known past-master in the art of lying, who accounted for his unexcited reception of some astounding "whopper" by simply explaining, "Ah'm a leear mysel'," would have been hard pushed by his rival Colonel Bowlong, whose stories *Told in the Verandah*, and set down by his adjutant, are one and all pure efforts of his invention. Most innocent inventions they are, and some of them amusing enough. Subaltern officers at and after mess are bound to find their Colonel's stories amusing. The Colonel, like a judge in Court, has his audience at his mercy. But Colonel Bowlong's is not the best class of lying. Real good lies ought to wear a mask of truth. They ought to mean to take you in. One might laugh at Colonel Bowlong's wild braggings for a few evenings, but eventually he must become a bore. These tales were not only told in the verandah and set down by the adjutant, but they have also appeared in the *Madras Mail*. They are Indian and military.

Mr. William Westall's literary reputation will not gain by the publication of the volume of stories called *Ben Clough*. He is sufficiently experienced in literature to be probably aware of this himself. *Ben Clough* is a double story—two stories very awkwardly blended into one. The first part treats of cotton "corners," Stock Exchange speculations, and tricks of trade generally. The second is a most dreary exposition of the system of fraud carried on by swindling insurance Companies and private pirates in the same line. Mr. Westall knows the Lancashire operative and the dialect, and the gleams of interest to be found in the book are where these come to the front. But even these cannot carry the reader satisfactorily through such a story as "Briggs from Bolton"—the progress of two vulgar Bolton people over the most hackneyed Cockney tour in Switzerland and Germany.

It would seem, judging from *Honours Easy*, that Charles



Dickens is the literary model the author, Mr. Charles James, has set before him. From a certain assurance of style, and complacency of repeated phrase, we may suppose that, while entertaining much reverence for his leader, Mr. James does not regard the distance between them as very great. He might say, with Macbeth, "there is none but he whose being I do fear"; but we doubt if he would admit that "under him my genius is rebuked." There is something about Mr. James's genius not easy to be rebuked. The hero of the story is Mr. Richard Lightwind, and, with amazement, the idea gradually dawns on the mind of the reader as he gets on that Mr. Lightwind is intended as an imitation of the immortal Dick Swiveller. It is true that at times the personality of Flora Finching seems to hold possession of the eye of the author's mind, and he confuses his models. Miss Sherman, the aunt of Dick, is as much like Miss Havisham in *Great Expectations* as a daguerreotype in the bad old days of daguerreotypes used to be like the subject. In brief, everything in *Honours Easy* that is bright, gay, and amusing—and there are such things—is traceable to the influence of the great bygone humourist, and everything that is coarse and commonplace is the author's own.

#### A HANOVERIAN-ENGLISH OFFICER.\*

THESE Memoirs of Baron Ompteda do not form a book to which we can promise popularity in this country. It is like much other German work, notable rather from the industry and honesty of its compiler than for literary qualities. Baron Lewis von Ompteda, the "Editor" of these memoirs in the German original, has obviously collected all he could learn about his great-uncle, and has had command of family papers. Unluckily he did not also obtain command over the art of making a biography. Consequently he has written a book which has a distinct historical value, and is attractive enough to those who can enjoy the subject for its own sake. But as a piece of writing it cannot be called readable. Mr. Hill, the translator, would have found it, one would think, as profitable, and assuredly much easier, to make a life of Christian von Ompteda with the materials supplied by this book than to translate it. The translation is a little too stiff and German; but, judging by internal evidence, is, we should say, substantially accurate.

We could wish that Mr. Hill had taken the easier course with success; for Ompteda, though assuredly not a great man, nor even in strictness a considerable one, was yet noteworthy and typical. We should remember him, for he did some good work by the side of our soldiers. It would only be accurate in an approximate way to say that he fought in the English service. No doubt he served King George, and was paid during much of his life by votes from the House of Commons. But then he served the King because he was Elector of Hanover, and only took pay on the English establishment when the French invasion after the breaking of the Peace of Amiens had driven him out of his country. He was not a soldier of fortune who took the pay of a foreign Sovereign, but a Hanoverian gentleman of descent, and even some landed property, serving the King of Great Britain and Ireland, who happened also to be Elector of Hanover, when circumstances made it impossible for that Sovereign to maintain at once a Royal and an Electoral army. The distinction is real. This statement of his position will show that his life illustrates one side of the great revolutionary and Napoleonic convulsion. Ompteda was an officer in the Hanoverian Guard, which he entered in 1781. He served with his corps in the Netherlands in 1793-5, and saw a fine army wasted by incredible mismanagement. In the Netherlands he began a lifelong friendship with Scharnhorst. When weakened by a very badly-dressed wound, he had to go through the misery of the retreat to Germany. The starvation and other sufferings of the march—above all, the pain of seeing his regiment practically annihilated by criminal bungling at headquarters—brought on an attack of actual insanity, by which he was incapacitated for service for a time. It took a very curious form. Ompteda was possessed by the delusion that he was shamming mad in order to shirk his work, and made a wildly-worded confession of this imaginary offence. His superiors treated him kindly, and after a time he recovered. When the French invasion of 1803 took place he was again with his regiment. The author of his biography quotes largely from his letters and from those of his brother Lewis, who was in the Hanoverian diplomatic service, written at this period. They give between them a painful, and indeed a shameful, picture of the weakness of the German Governments and of the utter want of effective patriotic spirit in the peoples. A comparison between this story and the most

unfriendly account given of the rising of Spain in 1808 is the very reverse of being to the honour of the Germans. Christian von Ompteda was himself animated by the Spanish and not the German spirit. Fight, and help will come from somewhere, was his advice. It was not taken. Wallmoden made a series of scandalous capitulations, and Ompteda had to leave all and escape to England. The formation of the German Legion gave him employment, and, with one interval, he was engaged until his death at Waterloo in sailing, marching, and fighting in the struggle with Napoleon. He served in Ireland and in Gibraltar, in the expedition to Sweden and the seizure of the Danish fleet. In his return from this expedition he was shipwrecked on the coast of Holland. By what was a piece of exceptional good luck at the time, he was exchanged for a Dutch colonel. But while in prison at Gorkum he contracted a low fever, which culminated in another and a longer attack of insanity. His brother Lewis came over from Austria to his assistance through a series of adventures which make a striking interlude in the book, and illustrate the crushing tyranny of the French in Germany. Ompteda was taken to Carlsbad through Sweden by his brother, and finally recovered at Berlin, largely through the kindness and patience of Scharnhorst. In 1811 he rejoined the Legion, and served through the final campaigns in the North of Spain and South of France, including Vittoria. His death at Waterloo is one of the most painful episodes of the battle. The Prince of Orange, a lad of twenty-two, with absolutely no experience, who held a general's command by virtue of his rank alone, ordered a battalion of the Legion to advance in line against some French infantry. Ompteda pointed out that they would be charged in flank by the French horse, and asked leave to advance in square. The Prince only repeated his order in the most offensive manner. Ompteda appears to have been seized with a fit of Berserk fury. He put himself in front of his men, and gave the order to advance. As he had foreseen, his men were charged in flank and ridden down. Ompteda himself reached the French infantry, and was shot in the midst of them.

This bare outline will show that his was a varied and adventurous life. The ample—indeed, too ample—quotations from his letters prove that he was a brave, high-minded, intelligent man. They do not leave an impression of much force, and one gathers that his two attacks of insanity were not due wholly to passing causes. In the earlier years there is more Wertherism in his letters than is pleasant; and, indeed, he was decidedly something of a prig. This weakness he outgrew, partly by essential worth, partly by the help of the time, which, as he saw it, was well calculated to harden men. To us not the least attractive parts of the book are those passages in Ompteda's letters in which he expresses his affection for England, and shows the profound impression produced by her defiant and unconquerable attitude amid the general prostration of Europe. In one of Lewis Ompteda's letters there is a touching sketch of George III. The King, who knew the family and valued them, asked after Christian. Baron Lewis, remembering that the King had just recovered from an attack of insanity himself, did not care to name his brother's illness. But the King guessed it, and, without referring to his own case at all, gave some singularly kind and rational advice as to the proper treatment of the patient. The passage shows the good breeding of both and the kindness of the King.

#### AYAME-SAN.\*

IN some respects this is an admirable book. The binding is tastefully designed and prettily contrived, and the illustrations are excellent. Mr. Burton tells us in his preface that, so far as he is aware, this is the first book that has been illustrated with half-tone photo-mechanical reproductions printed with the letterpress. If this be so, we only hope that other authors will follow the example here set, for we have seldom seen prettier illustrations than some of those which adorn the present work. Rarely, however, do we find any work of art or of nature which is perfect in all respects, so it need not be a matter for surprise that the story contained between the very charming covers of the volume before us falls short of the high qualities of its surroundings.

The story is not so much a Japanese romance as a romance in Japan. The principal characters consist of Gifford, a Scottish artist, who is sententious and proud in accordance with the orthodox stage version of Scottish character; a harum-scarum Irishman, appropriately named O'Rafferty, who is as rollicking

\* *A Hanoverian-English Officer a Hundred Years Ago: Memoirs of Baron Ompteda, Colonel in the King's German Legion.* Translated by J. Hill, M.A. London: Grevel & Co. 1892.

\* *Ayame-San: a Japanese Romance of the Twenty-third Year of Meiji (1890).* By A. M. Illustrated from Photographs by W. K. Burton. Reproduced by K. Ogawa's Photo-mechanical Process. London: Walter Scott.

as any Hibernian ever dreamed of by Lever in his wildest moments, and who, in the course of his career, proves himself to be a prodigious soldier, a successful investor, a detective with all the trained instincts of a Fouché, and to be possessed of a talent for disguising himself which might have been envied by Grimaldi; and a number of Japanese personages, varying in attractiveness from pretty Geishas to disreputable politicians. With such stage properties it is possible to tickle the ears of the groundlings, and to some extent this is what "A. M." succeeds in doing.

The scene opens at Misaki, in a house occupied for the summer by the artist and O'Rafferty. The time is fast approaching for the return of Gifford to his employers in the United States—an event which is temporarily delayed by the result of a sight which met his eyes from the verandah of his house. In the midst of a colloquy, in which he maintains that no Japanese woman is sufficiently well formed by nature to be fit to pose as an artist's model, he suddenly beholds a sight at a neighbouring villa such as was witnessed by David on the roof of the house of Uriah the Hittite. With the same unbounded admiration as was felt by the King, Gifford inquires the name of the lady who had so appropriately vindicated her countrywomen from the charge of shapelessness, and finds that she is known as Ayame-san, and that she lives with her uncle in primitive seclusion. With the fortune which belongs to heroes of romance he succeeds, the next day, in saving the nephew of Ayame-san's uncle from the jaws of a huge land-crab, and carries him wounded and fainting to his home. Overcome with gratitude, the boy's uncle, through the medium of Ayame-san, who, in addition to her beauty, is a good English scholar, invites Gifford to stay to lunch. The acquaintanceship, thus happily begun, ripens apace, and before many days are over Gifford has the temerity to ask her to allow him to paint her in the disrobed condition of the Venus de' Medici. To this she consents, only stipulating that her uncle should be present at the sittings.

At last, after some love-making, Gifford takes his leave of Ayame-san and of Japan. But, while Fortune has been favouring the Scot, she has dealt O'Rafferty a stunning blow. News reaches him from Australia that at one fell stroke he has been robbed by a Japanese of the fortune which he had acquired in a week in that colony. Without hesitation, he starts off to find the robber. He hunts him through the United States, poses as a chaplain the better to watch him on board ship, follows him to Japan, and tracks him from lair to lair in every kind of disguise—as a valet, as a coolie, as a blind shampooer, and as a jinricksha man. At last he declares himself, and pounces on him. It is not quite clear why he has not done so long before; but, having caught the thief, he has no difficulty in making him disgorge his plunder, and perhaps with a fellow-feeling—for he was himself disgraced in the army for stealing—he not only forgives him, but makes him a present of sufficient funds to enable him to escape from a charge of murder which is hanging over him.

Meanwhile, things have gone badly with Ayame-san and her uncle. Poverty has compelled them to leave their home, to sell their belongings, and even to agree to Ayame-san's engagement to a despicable scoundrel who has been secretly working the ruin of her uncle. From this fate she is saved by becoming a Geisha, or singing-girl, in which profession she soon rises to the top of the tree. She becomes the fashion of the town, and no feast is considered complete which is not graced by her presence. In the midst of her prosperity Gifford returns to Japan. The lovers once more meet, and the curtain closes on their union. The story, as may be judged from what we have said, is not of a high order. In construction it is amateurish, and the details sadly want finish; but those who prefer adventure to art may readily beguile an autumn evening with the pages of *Ayame-san*.

#### BOOKS IN SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE.

THE seventh volume of the reissue of the *Cambridge Shakespeare* (Macmillan) contains *Timon of Athens*, *Julius Caesar*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*; the eighth *King Lear*, *Othello*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Cymbeline*. Thus, Mr. Aldis Wright is approaching the end of a task which, well as it was performed by himself and his coadjutor before, he has contrived to perform even better now.

Mr. Wigston's *Columbus of Literature* (Chicago: Schulte) is described by its modest author as "following close on the heels of Mrs. Henry Pott's remarkable work," to which he hopes it may "prove a humble corollary." Ay, it follows so—though we own we had thought a corolla had more to do with the head than the heels—that the clouted shoe of the Wigston may almost gall the kibed heel of the Pott. Mr. Wigston thinks that the critic

"will fall upon" him. Not at all, not at all. But we own that we are a little disappointed when we find that he had "intended to publish evidence which would establish the [Shaconian] theory on firm ground once and for ever," but is going to "wait." O Mr. Wigston, why make us wait for thine exquisite establishment? Still there are condolences, there are vails here. There are people, it seems, who "know nothing of the *De Augmentis*." Very few people are aware that "each edition of Bacon's essays differ [*sic*] as to text." We read on and find that Cymbeline's coins have been found at Verulam. Therefore, you see, Bacon wrote Shakspeare. We learn that "it is the fashion to talk of Paganism as synonymous with everything that went before Christ," whereas there is excellent morality in, for instance, Seneca, and Seneca lived before Christ. Nobody need henceforth argue about Sir John Mandeville, for Mr. Wigston knows that he was a native of St. Albans, and was buried in the abbey. Therefore Bacon wrote Shakspeare. The Latin word for vice was *vitium*, borrowed from *vitis*, the vine. Therefore Bacon wrote Shakspeare. "Archbishop" Warburton says something. Lucian wrote a book called *A Trip to the Moon*, and Plato a book called *The New Republic*. We have heaped these gleanings together simply to show what amount of historical, linguistic, and literary learning is possessed by a person who undertakes to prove a theory (no matter of what nature) on grounds literary, linguistic, and historical. The fact is that all these Shaconians are the same. They form, or adopt, their theory; they then read, often most industriously and omnivorously, but without previous instruction or co-ordinating knowledge, and huddle "proofs" together on the Macedon and Monmouth principle, *à perte de vue*. It is a very little amusing, if it were not so tedious; it would be a very little melancholy, if it were not so absurd.

Howell's *Letters*, of which Mr. Joseph Jacobs has completed a new and very handsome edition (London: Nutt), has always been a popular book, or rather it was a very popular book with the general for a century at least, and for more than another century it has been a favourite pastime, and a not infrequent quarry, to men of letters. Even its admirers have not always been very kind to the author, to whom the greatest of them—Mr. Thackeray—affixed the odious name of prig; and even those who have liked it best have seldom found much literary merit of the strictest kind about it. Its absolute authenticity (in the sense of the letters having been written at the date affixed to them) has been very seriously attacked. But all this does not interfere with the above statements that it has never, or never for long, lacked readers, more or fewer. Part of it has been recently reprinted in a pocket edition; Mr. Jacobs has now reprinted the whole in a library one, with extremely careful and elaborate notes, and a minute and enthusiastic introduction. Perhaps the volumes, in the case of a book which is eminently one for the fireside, might have been a little smaller; but we are loth to find any fault with tomes so well proportioned and so well printed. The editor seems to have taken immense pains to verify and explain all the references to things, places, and persons; and, though we cannot think the question whether Howell actually wrote all his letters at the time and to the person, or furnished them up later, or invented them straight off, one of much importance, it is of the kind which interests many people. Mr. Jacobs is very angry with some of his predecessors who have written about Howell; but whether he does well to be angry, whether he even understands what the objects of his anger have said, and whether his own acuteness and scholarship as a critic are equal to his industry as a *piocheur*, these, again, are questions of no great importance. He has given the best edition yet issued of a book which long ago conquered its place in English literature, and that is the point.

English readers may like to know of a new Shaconian periodical intitled *Baconiana*, edited and published by R. J. Schulte, Chicago. There used to be, we think, a sort of Transactions of an English Shaconian Society; but whether the Society has gone to Arthur's bosom, or has ceased to transact, or does not care to submit its transactions to profane eyes, we know not. This periodical will now worthily take their place. The ever-beloved Mrs. Pott opens it, and has discovered that Bacon and Shakspeare both use "form" rather in the sense of "nature" than of "shape or figure." That every educated person in the middle ages and the Renaissance did this, Constance M. Pott knoweth not. Or was Spenser Bacon, was it a kind of Le Bakespenser who wrote

Soul is form and doth the body make?

America is beginning to send us some very well-edited issues of English classics for educational use, as well as others not so well edited. Two books (published by Ginn & Co., Boston, Massachusetts) exemplify both these classes. Mr. C. L.



Maxcy's *Hamlet* is nicely printed, and the few notes are wisely confined to the simple purposes of glossary. But these positive or negative merits are spoilt by forty mortal pages of questions, whereof we transcribe a page or so:—

- 'What relation to Hamlet was the present king of Denmark, before marrying the queen?
- What was the name of the deceased king?
- What is Hamlet's deportment and apparel when he is introduced in the play?
- Why did the queen rebuke him?
- What was the principal cause of Hamlet's grief?
- Who felt the more sincere sorrow over the death of the late king, Hamlet or his mother?
- How long had the king been dead when his wife again married?
- What difference is to be seen between Hamlet's replies to his mother and to the king?
- In the speech of the king to the court, what do we learn regarding affairs of the kingdom?
- Who was Laertes?
- Whence had he come to Denmark, and what had brought him?
- Whence had Hamlet come to the court?
- Was the king anxious to retain or dismiss him?
- What possible reason for his anxiety?
- What had made Hamlet and Horatio such friends?
- Had they come from Wittenberg together or at different times?
- Upon Hamlet's saying "Methinks I see my father," why did Horatio so suddenly exclaim "Where, my lord?"
- How did Horatio manage to introduce the matter of the ghost's appearance?
- How did Hamlet act upon receiving such news?
- Did he show any doubt as to the truth of his friend's tale?
- Did he hesitate in deciding what steps to take?
- What is the character of the questions propounded by him to gain the particulars of the ghost's appearance?
- Did the eye-witnesses agree entirely in their accounts?
- Previous to hearing Horatio's story, what was the principal cause for Hamlet's hatred of the king?
- What suspicion rushed to his mind when he heard of the ghost's visitation?
- From what has been seen of Hamlet thus far, what estimate may be formed of his character?
- What has been added to the plot of the story by this second scene?

This kind of thing is detestable.

On the other hand, we have little but praise for Professor Felix Schelling's edition of Ben Jonson's *Timber* (same publishers); and we cannot but feel it to be something of a disgrace that it has been left to a foreigner to issue in a separate and carefully edited form this remarkable collection of "notes and observations." Not a few good judges had pointed out the remarkable value both in style and substance of the *Explorata*, "Discoveries," or "Timber" (for it may be called indifferently by all these quaint titles) before Mr. Swinburne, with generous open-mouthedness, celebrated it in his *Study of Ben Jonson*. But Professor Schelling is right when he says that the book when he took it up was "practically inedited and all but unknown." He has left it very well edited and in a condition to be very well known indeed. If we compare his work, which is always modest and courteous in its references to his predecessors, with the tripudiation over their forerunners in which some other editors and critics indulge, we shall feel inclined to ascribe to Professor Schelling little cry and a very considerable contribution of wool. In particular, he has succeeded, without triumphing or swaggering, in tracing to their classical originals many passages which Jonson, according to his fashion, borrowed, and which some acute critics and good scholars had apparently taken as original. This was rather rash of them, for few readers of Jonson who are themselves acquainted with the ancients can fail to notice, after very short reading, the fashion—antipodean to Burton's, so to speak—in which he quotes without quoting, and levies tribute to which the bow and spear of his own reading are his title-deeds. The analysis of contents is useful, and the notes are very careful and good, displaying, but never obtruding, plenty of erudition and good sense combined. We may hope that a very remarkable book thus ushered may hold its place at last, if not in the reading of fit readers (that it has probably always had, and they would at no time supply it with a jostling audience), with a certain number of students who may have the chance of appreciating the learning and wisdom of its matter and the originality and excellence of its style. For it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Jonson's peculiar excellences, putting aside his strictly poetic gift, nowhere appear more strongly marked than here. They are, indeed, accompanied, though not to any very great extent, by exhibitions of his still better known defects; but, for strength, sense,

and learning, there are not many books in English literature that can beat this.

Mr. Verity's excellent school edition of Milton, which he is by degrees making complete, has received an accession in the *Fifth Book of Paradise Lost* (Macmillan). In each of these instalments the general prefatory matter (and when a part only of a poem is given, the special-general prefatory matter, as it may be called) necessarily reappears, and we need not deal with the present further than to say that in most respects Mr. Verity's remarks seem to us very careful and sound, though we cannot agree with him exactly in his views on prosody. Indeed, he seems to halt between two opinions, for an accent or anti-quantity man who talks of "trochees" and "spondees" seems to give away his own case. Of special excursus there are here two, on the Miltonic cosmogony and the character of Satan, and all Mr. Verity's minor annotation deserves the general praise we have accorded to it. As to his apparently eccentric progress, or regress—starting with Books XI. and XII., then reverting to Book V., and promising I. and II. next—for that we suspect there are reasons, but such as "it is not lawful to mention."

If the latest addition to Mr. K. Deighton's useful series of school editions intended primarily for Baboo, and after that for English, students is not strictly a book in seventeenth-century literature, it "lives next door," and may claim admission here. Johnson's *Life of Milton* (Macmillan) must always be thoroughly well worth studying, despite its curious critical aberrations. It is, perhaps, a pity that, as we have noted on other occasions, Mr. Deighton should be so modestly unwilling to give his own critical results, and that he thinks it necessary to boil down Hallam and Mr. Masson instead. But his annotations of matter are excellent, and his abstracts of opinion are safe.

#### DIET.\*

ERRORS of digestion play so large a part in the failings, large or small, of the man and woman of the nineteenth century, that it is not at all surprising that the study of "the digestion" should have become almost a special branch of medicine, and that there should be a large literature upon its disorders and a number of "specialists" whose aim it is to treat them.

The book before us adds one more to an already long list of those which aim at feeding the invalid, both wisely and well. Of late years the art of nursing the sick has been brought to such a pitch of perfection that there is little left to be desired, but it is only still more recently that the equally important branch of practical medicine, the invalid's diet, has received the amount of attention it merits. Dr. Burnet is able to show that the sick man's diet, although it must be strictly framed in accordance with well-known rules of practice, need be neither monotonous nor unpalatable. At one time there was little or no medium between the diet of robust health (somewhat limited to suit individual requirements) and the meagre and unappetizing round of fluid nourishment aptly termed "slops" which formed the staple food of all who were at all seriously ill. Now that the principles underlying the process of digestion in health and disease are so much better understood, considerable change, to the sufferer's great advantage, has taken place. Partly through a more judicious selection, and partly on account of the many very excellent artificially digested foods that are to be met with in the market, the "dieting" of to-day is by no means the unpleasant process it used to be, and the gouty or dyspeptic individual will find a far larger field of choice open to him than his fathers possessed.

But however well these principles may be understood, it is often a matter of some difficulty to apply them properly. There are many who would find that the effort to write out a dietary that should be at the same time suitable from a medical and agreeable from a lay point of view demands an amount of time and ingenuity that can ill be spared by one in busy practice. It is to these that Dr. Burnet's modest little book of 192 pages will come as a distinct boon. There are many able and highly scientific treatises upon the subject that rank as standard text-books to the student, but to the busy practitioner these must, for want of time, often remain sealed volumes. A glance through a small handbook, clearly written and well arranged, will give what is wanted and save much valuable time. But the reader to whom the book will be found most useful is undoubtedly the nurse, or any one having the charge of an invalid. Upon the ingenuity and food-inventive faculty of the nurse the comfort of the sufferer depends far more than upon the doctor. Each chapter of the book before us is prefaced by an account of the changes and disorders

\* *Foods and Dietaries*. By R. W. Burnet, M.D. London: Griffin & Co.

produced on the digestive system by the disease under discussion. There can be no better inducement to the due fulfilment of a prescribed treatment than a sound knowledge of the principles that underlie it, and these principles Dr. Burnet most lucidly expounds.

#### THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.\*

DR. CARUS is, we believe, a prominent member of the sect of Monists, and an exponent of what they term "the unitary conception of the world"; and therefore a book from his pen upon so fascinating, yet withal so abstruse, a subject as "The Soul of Man," might reasonably be looked forward to as likely to contain views that were both novel and bold, and at the same time supported by close scientific reasoning.

But we must confess at the very outset that we are disappointed with the result of his labours. The work would have been far more valuable, and at the same time more readable, if the author had seen fit to give us a definite confession of his psychological faith, instead of wasting his energies in scattered criticisms of existing theories, without offering much to take their place. As far as we are able to gather, Monism attacks all psychological problems from the side of physiology, and claims that they may all be explained by a due knowledge of physiological facts. Dr. Carus welcomes the idea that God is not a person but a law; that He is, in fact, simply the impersonation of a truly moral life. Man's mind, he goes on to say, is an association of ideas, and no such thing exists as an independently acting soul. So far, so good; in all this he is but carrying to its logical conclusion the teaching of the newer school of physiological investigation, which, above all things, seeks in things psychic an explanation physiological. Indeed, it would scarcely be going too far to say that it seeks to reduce psychology to the rank merely of a branch of physiology.

But the book before us contains more than this. Within the comparatively small space of 446 pages is included an account of the minute anatomy and physiology of the brain, a discussion of the nature, significance, and dangers of hypnotism, together with the consideration of such abstruse problems as the ethical and religious aspects of soul-life, double personality, and the seat of consciousness. In explanation of this curious jumble of subjects, we are told in the preface:—"There are innumerable Psychologies, innumerable Physiologies, innumerable Anatomies, and floods of pamphlets discussing the many problems and incidents of experimental Psychology. But there is not one book in any language, as far as I know, in which all the facts of these various branches of science are gathered and presented in their connexion. A book of this kind is a want which the author has endeavoured to fill."

That such a book is wanted is, of course, possible, although we venture to doubt that an intimate acquaintance with the minute anatomy and physiology of the brain is absolutely essential to the due appreciation of the problems of psychology. But, be that as it may, the author has certainly not supplied the want in the most satisfactory manner. True, he has given, in as small a compass as possible, an enormous mass of information concerning the most recent facts of anatomy and physiology; but, in the first place, they are not at all necessary for the student of psychology in anything like the detail in which they are here set out; and, secondly, they are arranged in such a fragmentary and disconnected manner that they will serve rather to confuse than to instruct the student who does make use of them. We have read carefully every word of his anatomy of the brain, and we are reluctantly forced to the conclusion that we entirely fail to see how it can be understood, even by a medical student who has had some previous grounding in the subject. It is simply a collection of facts from various sources, without any apparent continuity, and without any explanation of the bearing of one fact upon another. Even in the driest and most technical text-book of anatomy there is more entertaining reading.

If the book is intended for the medical man, then nine-tenths of the scientific part of the work is superfluous; if for the layman, then the whole of it should be rearranged in order to make it intelligible. We will just take one sentence bodily from the book, and ask what construction any one, scientist or layman, puts upon it. "The sagittal suture stands like an arrow on the string of a bow at right angles upon the coronal suture." And this without any further or any previous description of the sutures of the skull. And there is one other sentence that we must abstract before leaving this part of the work. We are told that "the upper part of the Aqueduct is overarched by the two fillets, which here decussate, and upon which the Four Hills arise," and the author then goes into a physiological disquisition as to their influence

upon vision, without attempting to enlighten us as to what these structures with the queer names may be. We regret to have to pass such strictures upon Dr. Carus's work, as there is evidence in the book of a vast amount of trouble having been taken to collect from the papers of the principal writers on the subject the information which he lavishes upon us. We cannot too strongly urge that, when scientific details must be gone into, they should be made as easily intelligible as possible.

The remainder of the book is mainly devoted to a consideration of "soul-life." The use of the term "soul" is just a little vague in one or two places; the distinction between the "central" and the "peripheral" soul not being drawn with the clearness that the difficulty of the subject requires. When he says "every ganglion is a seat of soul-life," we take it that he means to imply that every one of the lesser nerve elements is to a certain extent concerned, or may be to a certain extent concerned, in the manifestation of what we are in the habit of calling the soul; but the statement in the text seems to imply that every such element may take upon itself the functions of the soul, and become, so to speak, a little soul on its own account.

#### ON SURREY HILLS.\*

LIKE the "Son," we are great admirers of Richard Jefferies. But in some ways the "Son's" writings please us more than any but the earliest of Jefferies's books. The "Son" is more simple and less fanciful; he spares us fantastic digressions into the mystical dreamland of speculation, and as he rivets his attention on the coppices and hedgerows, he has scarcely leisure to moralize or sermonize. Brought up as a boy in the marshes of Kent, he seems to have lived latterly in the woodlands of Surrey. He is thoroughly at home in the vernacular of the natives, and a very primitive people many of them are. Being an enthusiastic naturalist, the writer is naturally a sound and somewhat bigoted Conservative. He detests the changes that have been felling timber and draining swamp; he dislikes the scream of the railway engine, which has scared the wildfowl from many a sequestered pool; and he laments the disappearance of the good old race of squires who let ill-drained farms with great latitude of covenants, and dealt leniently with trespass and even slight breaches of the game-laws, except in the case of professional poachers. But he is bound to confess that the rural population has changed greatly for the better. Now he visits hamlets or secluded groups of cottages where the folks are become decent and law-abiding; regular at church themselves, and sending their children to school. He remembers a time when the men were lawless ruffians, never doing an honest day's work when they could help it, and brawling of an evening in the pothouse on the strength of any ill-gotten gains. Still, however, it seems surprising to learn that so near London there are broad stretches of moor and of woodland almost as solitary as any in the Welsh or the Cumbrian hills. He says he could show us localities where, as on the Peak or the Kinderscout, the wayfarer could easily lose himself in a network of unknown by-roads. And that wayfarer will find quaking bogs and shifting sands where he may meet the fate of the Master of Ravenswood. Even now there is a fair remnant of the wild animals which once had it all their own way. The writer believes, if he cannot positively answer for it, that there are still families of marten-cats, though we should have thought that their melancholy nocturnal serenades would have put the matter beyond a doubt. The wild bean-geese still drop on the crops in the hill farms; the blackcock still parades himself before his seraglio among the scattered firs and the birches; the plover, the woodcock, and the snipe breed within sight and hearing of the South-Western and London and Brighton trains; the otter still takes nightly toll of the trout streams; the badgers have been known to keep house within a stone's throw of the cottage door; and as for the foxes, there are foxes in plenty, with one foot in the poultry-yard and the other in the pheasant cover. The writer tells us how he makes his observations. Abroad at all hours, an early riser and a night watcher, he believes in patience above all things. What you wish to see will seldom come by regular watching; but some happy moment brings the looked-for chance. When you are on the scout, he agrees with the late Rev. Mr. Wood that it is advisable to keep absolutely motionless; and it is best to dress in a suit of sober grey, which blends naturally with the soil, the stones, and the tree-stems.

He has his own ideas about the fox, and they are decidedly original. He says that Reynard's sagacity has been over-rated,

\* *The Soul of Man.* By Dr. Paul Carus. London: Edward Arnold.

\* *On Surrey Hills.* By "A Son of the Marshes," Author of "Woodland, Moor, and Stream" &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.



and that his audacity, developed through the impunity of generations, relies on the protection he enjoys out of the hunting-field. Yet he mentions one thing as an indisputable fact which shows that the fox reflects, and consequently reasons. When the fox goes hare-hunting—which must have been before Sir William Harcourt abolished the hare—as a preliminary he treads all the issues from the enclosures; for he knows that a hare will never set his foot where the *bouquet de Renard* has tainted the passage. There is a most vivid description of how the fox makes his stalk upon the hare; taking his deadly spring at the very moment when Puss is putting the finishing touch to her morning toilet, and when self-complacency makes her oblivious of self-preservation. There are no better places for noting the habits of beasts, according to the writer, than the roads and lanes. Birds and ground vermin of all kinds seek their prey in the open, and especially at night. Then you may see the owls floating silently past, as they are hunting in couples; for the frogs and toads which they specially affect are always to be caught tripping across the roadway. Then you may hear the grating hum of the fern-owl or goatsucker, for he knows well where to look for moths and other insects. Then the mice and rats are out, and the stoats and weasels are after them; then the hedgehog comes out of the hedge roots, and the mole ventures above ground; and you may hear the bark of the fox as he ranges on the prowl, and very possibly the grunt of the grubbing badger. The writer tells of one summer night when he lay in watch for a pair of otters on the banks of the "burrowing Mole," somewhere in the Mickleham Valley, and listened to the sullen plunge as they went fishing for the trout and perch. He excels in his water studies, whether by night or day; they have all the delicacy—we should say the "weird-like" delicacy, only we hate the word—of the masters of the modern Fontainebleau school of French landscape. But the painter is always the observant naturalist, and when he strolls abroad with palette and brushes, he never forgets the microscope. There is an absolutely idyllic picture of a certain old mill-pool, as to which he exclaims, as if provoking a compliment, "Would that I could do justice to that bit of water!" Why, that flag-grown pool is photographed in his pages; with its swarming varieties of insect life, making food for the fishes which glide in shoals among the tree-roots, and have their homes in holes beneath the banks and in the rifts of the ancient masonry. We might select as a companion picture the deserted Surrey manor-house—as in the house in Hood's poem, "a merry place in days of yore," but for a quarter of a century left to go to rack and ruin. The vegetation grew with tropical luxuriance. The pales of the rushy deer-park had long been broken down. The very spirit of desolation respired in the gardens, and the ruins of terraces, hothouses, and vineries were a paradise of insect life. For everybody else the place was a Hades, and the peasants gave it a wide berth in superstitious terror; for snakes and vipers swarmed on the sunny esplanade, retreating to their lurking-places in the wild dells and tangled shrubberies. By the way, when the rightful heir returned to his inheritance, the question was how to get rid of these venomous nuisances. The suggestion was made to turn out peacocks on the terraces, and a rough-bred pig with her litter in the dells. The plan proved wonderfully successful. As one of the labourers on the estate told the writer, "Them peacocks went for 'em like lightnin' a'most whenever one showed out. As fur them pigs, they jest goes up, puts their fore-feet on 'em, tears 'em to pieces a bit at a time, and chumps 'em up. An' if one on 'em gets into a hole, they roots him out. They likes the flasher [flavour] o' them 'ere varmint." Short of such a scene of dramatically sensational romance, there are many lonely farmsteadings on the borders of the Sussex Weald which are as interesting to the antiquarian as they are fascinating to the artist, being significant of rude and lawless manners when the Sussex Weald was unsafe, like the Scottish border. They are protected, like Cedric the Saxon's grange of Rotherwood, with strong walls and broad moats. In old days, when the church bells gave signal of some foray, the cattle and the swine were hastily driven within the enclosures, and the drawbridges which spanned the moats were raised. It is gratifying that, in the recent rage for improvements, and when "residential properties" near the metropolis were in general demand, so many of these very interesting mediæval remains should have escaped obliteration or reconstruction.

#### A POPULAR HISTORY OF MUSIC.\*

THE word "popular" is somewhat misleading in connexion with Mr. Weber's book, and does it less than justice. This history is really a complete text-book and a remarkably good one.

\* *Popular History of Music from the Earliest Times.* By F. Weber, Organist of the German Chapel Royal. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

It possesses every quality which such a book should possess. Within the compass of 320 pages it covers the entire ground from Crishnoo to Wagner; and is equally scholarly, careful, concise, and dispassionate. No doubt the author in calling his work "popular" means to imply that it contains nothing very novel and is rather addressed to the general public than to musicians. That is true; but we venture to think that even musicians may read it with advantage, while for students and for use in schools and academies it should be invaluable. The only fault we have to find is the disproportionate space given to the "earliest times." More than half the volume is gone before we reach the Christian era, and this is to be regretted for two reasons. On the one hand, the ancient history of music, though it contains much of real and solid interest—such as the development of musical instruments, the characters of the Asiatic scale, of Oriental melody and of the Greek modes—is apt to run into mere legendary matter, and Mr. Weber has fallen a little into this mistake. Stories drawn from Greek and Indian mythology may be very pretty in themselves, but are out of place in a serious history. And, on the other hand, by devoting too much space to these trifles he has been compelled to over-condense the most important part of his subject. If the book were no more than popular, there would be nothing to regret in this arrangement; indeed, we would much rather have chatter about Crishnoo and Orpheus than about Bach and Beethoven. But Mr. Weber handles the modern history of music in so admirable a manner that we would fain have more of it. He can instruct, and may well leave to others the task of amusing. From defects in detail his book seems to be singularly free, but objection must be taken to one point. The educational *μουσική* of Plato and Aristotle may be rendered by the word "music" for convenience sake, when the text is given; but surely to so translate it without any explanation, in a book dealing with music in the restricted sense, is very misleading. We do not know exactly what was covered by *μουσική*, but certainly it was a good deal more than practising the kithara and mastering the Doric and Ionic modes, as Mr. Weber implies. The unlearned reader, it is to be feared, will gather from him the impression that education at Athens consisted of the pianoforte and the parallel bars, to use modern language; and, instead of thinking more of music, he will probably think less of Athens, which is a pity.

One of Mr. Weber's greatest merits is his conciseness. In about one hundred and twenty pages he gives a complete history of music from the troubadours to the present day, exclusive of living composers, and he really does give it. The evolution of the laws of composition, the growth of musical forms, the development and use of instruments, the successive stages in the art marked by leading names in different countries, and the characteristics of the great composers—all these, and more, are sketched not only with perfect clearness, but with the firm and accurate touch of one who is a thorough master of his subject. An instance of the pregnant brevity of his style may be quoted from the short section on "Melody":—

'Melody was the beginning and ever will be the essence of music through all ages. The Greeks based their melody on the tetrachord system, which they may have copied from the natural melody in human speech. . . . Gregorian chants, Protestant hymn-tunes, many national melodies, and other musical themes are based on natural melody in human speech.'

These sentences contain the gist of the whole theory of music as an art. Like other arts, it is simply nature idealized; its basis is human speech—that and nothing else. Emotion of all kinds is naturally expressed in speech by inflections of the voice, which follow certain rules; and music fundamentally consists in expressing emotion more forcibly by prolonging the sounds and extending the inflections. But they must always bear some relation to the natural ones on which they are based, or the art ceases to be real, and instead of music you get mere sound signifying nothing. Here lies the difference between genuine and manufactured music, and the explanation of the unsatisfactory, not to say disagreeable, character of so much that is composed in the present day. Musicians entirely lose sight of nature, and appear to think that any sequence of notes, however far-fetched, will do for a theme, provided it is handled according to the rules of composition. So it will, if an exercise be all that is required; but for music genuine—that is, natural—melody is essential; every composition that lacks it leaves the hearer bored and indifferent because it tells him nothing.

Another great merit in this book is its freedom from fads and fancies. The writer's taste is unimpeachably catholic, his judgment always calm and just. These qualities are conspicuous in his summary of the great composers. In the fewest possible words he says just what ought to be said about each. His remarks

are not new, but they are exactly true; and truths of this kind may be repeated *ad infinitum*, even at the risk of being called truisms, for they are continually being forgotten. To quote a few:—"Handel's choruses, for their simple grandeur, vigour, and majestic character, stand yet unapproached by any composer." "Bach's mastery in fugal and polyphonic writing still remains unapproached." "All Haydn's compositions please and edify the musician and the amateur by their masterly construction, their depth and pathos, their cheerful and genial spirit, by their natural melody and harmony, their rhythm, grace, humour, and quaintness." "In new melodies, striking harmonies; in variation, in the combination of instruments, in contrasts, in rhythmical contrivances, in sublime, heroic, dramatic and humorous strains, Beethoven is inexhaustible and as yet unapproached." "Schumann excels in vigour and in deep feeling. He is elaborate, restless, complicated in harmony and modulation and in rhythm, and uses passing notes and passing chords in a degree to impair that lyric and harmonious flow which renders music intelligible and attractive to a general audience." "Donizetti abounds in beautiful and sentimental melodies, with dramatic spirit." "Meyerbeer's musical richness, masterly orchestration, artistic contrivances, noble and sublime, and sensual and fanatical tone-pictures put nearly everybody into astonishment and admiration." "Wagner's scores are most elaborate and twice as large as those of Mozart. The whole orchestra is imposing, rich in grandest combinations, swelling and towering like waves on waves, and intensely exciting. A great deal of the music is charming and fascinating; it captivates and rivets the attention for any length of hours; but at the end the audience is more exhausted than refreshed. He revels in disharmony, in diminished triads and diminished seventh chords, passing notes and chromatic scales and frantic passages, which overstrain the performers, and become bewildering and oppressive to the attentive listener." These short extracts will show that in Mr. Weber the student will find a sound and discriminating guide. But one question—Why is Berlioz left out?

#### MILITARY BOOKS.\*

THOSE who study *Field Fortification* by Major Hutchinson cannot help being struck with the clearness of his work. Not only does it fulfil its purpose—namely, to help officers who are preparing for promotion examinations—but it also furnishes a very handy book of reference. Major Hutchinson never loses sight of the importance of the field of fire, and impresses it most strongly on his readers; no one after studying his book ought to take up a position where the field of fire is bad. Writers on field fortification are too apt to deal with their own side of the question only. It is rare to find such a comprehensive view of the subject. For examination purposes this book leaves little to be desired; it gives the advantages and disadvantages of any system clearly and side by side; the paragraph dealing with embrasures and barbettes being an excellent example of this. The question of defilade, which proves a stumbling block to so many, is very well explained. This book has already reached its third edition, which is a proof of its popularity, and the addition of further plates will render it still more valuable.

Captain Malet's handbook is compiled from the various authorized books of military instruction, its object being to help officers during the field training of their companies. For this purpose the different subjects taught during this period, tactics, elementary field engineering, and encampments, are dealt with in one volume. The actual matter in the book is copied almost verbatim from the official text-books; this ensures the accuracy but endangers one of the objects of the work. The author states in the preface that "any portion of the book may be read as a lecture" (it being customary to give lectures to non-commissioned officers and men during field training). The language of the text-books is not quite as intelligible as it might be, the following passage, which Captain Malet quotes, being a sample:—"... Troops in the field should be encamped in such a manner that they can be rapidly formed in a good position for action, which does not involve the necessity of encamping in the very position itself; on the contrary, it is preferable to encamp under cover in rear of, but so near to, the position that it can be quickly occupied." We doubt if the average soldier would understand the above if it were read to him. Perhaps, however, it is as well that it is not so thoroughly adapted for lecturing as the author desires: the more officers have to think for themselves

the better. It would be better if such expressions as "to reap advantage from cover" were simplified for purposes of lecture. A few words might be added to the chapter on Field Fortification, explaining the system of making gabions and fascines, as they are so very useful even in elementary field fortification. The remarks on fire discipline are very good, and draw attention to what is, perhaps, the most important part of the soldier's training. The book contains a vast amount of information of different kinds, and such paragraphs as that which deals with what an infantry soldier should do when attacked by a cavalry man are most useful. In fact, captains of companies will find this book invaluable to them, and will have every reason to thank Captain Malet for compiling it.

#### TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.\*

BEGINNING with an attempt to reconstruct Babylonian chronology from the three chronological tablets in the British Museum, and including a paper on an incident of 1849, this volume illustrates the extraordinary extent of the field in which the Royal Historical Society carries on its labours. Whether it is well for a Society to attempt to deal with such widely different subjects as the framework of a vanished history and the full and instructive life of the modern world is a question for the members to decide. It is possible that, if they restricted their investigations to a less extensive area, the results of their work would be more important. That Plato owed the political theories of the *Republic* to his acquaintance with the revolutions of various Greek States is maintained in a paper by Mr. Malden, who says that "there was method in Hellenic politics, and that Plato had discovered that such was the case." A paper by Professor Julius von Pfugk-Hartung on the wanderings of the Scots of Ireland over Western Europe is rather scrappy, and almost like a series of notes which might be expanded into a volume of much interest. If Mr. Leonard had kept more strictly to his proper subject—the expulsion of the Jews by Edward I.—he would probably have treated it more satisfactorily; for it is evident that he has, to some extent at least, grasped the constitutional and economic bearings of the expulsion. As it is, he wanders at large over the previous history of the Jews in England. Still, he has consulted many books, and has produced a pleasant and readable paper. Oddly enough, though he refers to Mr. Boase's *Oxford*, and to Dr. Neubauer's *Notes on the Jews in Oxford*, he is under the impression that "it is significant [of the learning of the Jews in England] that the great houses which were made into halls at Oxford bore Jewish names."

The next two essays point out, one that Cromwell had excellent reasons for choosing an alliance with France rather than with Spain, the other that Frederick the Great knew what he was about when he invaded Saxony in 1756. Mr. Foster Palmer is responsible for two papers. In the first he presents us with some notes on the life of the priest Spola, who presumed to celebrate the episcopal Mass and to pronounce the benediction at St. Peter's, in the absence of the Pope, on Easter Sunday, 1849. He defends Spola's action on the ground that it was of essential service to the cause of the Republicans. That a Roman Catholic priest should have put himself forward as a supporter of the Republican revolution, that he should at the bidding of the "triumvirs" have committed a gross breach of ecclesiastical order, and that he should have dared to prostitute the performance of the Sacred Mysteries by making it serve a political purpose, do not seem to Mr. Palmer sufficient to warrant the severe condemnation pronounced on Spola's conduct by so earnest a Liberal as Luigi Carlo Farini. His other paper is on "The Development of the Fine Arts under the Puritans." Mr. Stuart-Glennie urges the Society to celebrate the removal of its headquarters to Hanover Square by the adoption of a new system of work. He wishes it henceforward to consider history in the light of a "Science of Origins," or, in other words, to pursue "a scientific, as distinguished from a merely literary," method of treating history. He objects to the opinions propounded by Carlyle, Mr. Froude, and Mr. Birrell (the conjunction of names is not ours) as to the province and duties of a historian, and wishes the Society to study the past under the guidance of Hegel and Comte. His theories—we cannot call them arguments—are stale and unprofitable. There is no need for us to combat them here, for their mischievous tendency has been exposed over and over again; we will, therefore, merely refer any member to the Royal Historical Society who may be tempted to think that there is something really valuable underlying his talk about "Scientific Historiography" and "the ultimate laws of Man's

\* *Field Fortification: Notes on the Text-Books.* By Major H. D. Hutchinson. 1 vol. Third edition. Chatham: Gale & Polden.

*Handbook to Field Training in the Infantry.* By Captain J. W. Malet. Chatham: Gale & Polden.

\* *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society.* New Series. Vol. V. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.



History" to Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Lectures on the Study of History*.

Mr. Williamson is anxious that children should be taught the kind of history called by Mr. Spencer "Descriptive Sociology." An "ordinary commercial Englishman" is, we are told, shockingly ignorant of the history of his own Church before the coming of Augustine, an ignorance that we confess that we, for the best of reasons, share with him, and of other things that he ought to know. Mr. Williamson appears to think that the teaching of history begins at the wrong end, and would have teachers work backwards, and lead their pupils up the stream of time, slowly meandering to its source. Too much attention is, he contends, devoted to kings and queens and such like insignificant persons, to battles, conspiracies, and dates, and too little to social progress. While some of his remarks are sensible enough, he appears to have no idea of the relative importance of political and social or economic history. The volume ends with a report of the "Progress of Historical Research during the Session 1889-91," prepared by order of the Council. The compilers are painfully impressed with the care bestowed on the lives of distinguished soldiers and sailors in the *Dictionary of National Biography*; it is a sign, they believe, of a general and lamentable disregard of sociology. It is possible that the Royal Historical Society may have accomplished valuable work that is not represented here, and will appear before the public in a more permanent form.

#### ELECTRICITY DAY BY DAY.\*

THE popular science of to-day is too often administered in a style so obviously adapted to the comprehension of the merest infant as to repel the ordinary self-respecting middle-aged reader. This inquisitive but rather sensitive person is apt to be impatient of the excessive elucidations of the popular lecturer. He does not like to see the steps being cut for him, and then to have his feet put into the steps by the guide for fear he should lose his footing. He is perfectly capable, he will tell you, of understanding a difficult matter when plainly and soberly stated. From the fact that *Electricity in Daily Life*—a collection of short essays by American electricians—is exactly suited to his needs, we may either infer that he exists in America, or that the book is meant to be read on this side of the Atlantic. From internal evidence, however, it seems clear that the latter alternative cannot be the right one, for we find chapters dealing with fish-torpedoes, dynamite guns, and execution by electricity, and we feel sure that these applications have not yet come into "daily use" in England. We find, moreover, that the work of American inventors is by no means lost sight of. Sufficient prominence is given to the labours of Morse, who discovered the telegraph; of Page, who made the first electro-motor; and of Moses G. Farmer, who conceived the idea of a self-exciting dynamo. Each of these inventions, to be sure, is claimed by several other countries; but in an American book it is only fair that the American view should be set forth. Whoever may be entitled to the credit of striking out the first ideas, at any rate there is no doubt about the activity of Americans in applying them. This is particularly true as regards the electric light and electric motors. The use of electric motors on tramways is being so rapidly extended in the United States that Mr. Joseph Wetzler—whose essay on the subject is bright and readable—thinks it safe to hazard the opinion that within ten years there will not be a single "horse-railway" in operation. In 1887 there were thirteen electric railways in the United States. There are now at least 260. According to Mr. Wetzler, the motor simply eclipses the horse from every point of view. It goes faster and more easily; it is much cheaper; and it brings in treble the profit. We are rather surprised that he should advocate the storage battery system in preference to the overhead system. The latter is probably the more economical of the two, and in America, where it has been adopted in preference to other systems, the objections to overhead wires is not so strong as in some other countries. Mr. H. L. Webb describes the making and laying of the submarine cable, generally known as the "Spanish National," which runs from Cadiz to Tenerife. We do not think we have ever read a better popular description of the various operations involved in cable-laying. Mr. Kennelly's essay on electricity in the household is interesting, and rather more than up to date. He gives a diagram showing how, in the house of the future, wires will radiate from an electric meter to lamps, clocks, sewing-machine, phonograph, electric stove, burglar and fire alarms, and

electric fans. The book concludes with some sensible remarks by Dr. Allen Starr on electricity in relation to the human body. He deprecates the extravagant claims put forward for electricity as a curative agent, and warns his readers—it cannot be done too often—against quacks.

Not less interesting, though very much more technical, is Mr. Stuart Russell's book on *Electric Light Cables*. In the last few years every detail connected with the construction of plant for electric-lighting has been anxiously studied, with the object of finding out the most economical methods of distribution. As soon as large areas began to be lighted from central stations it became evident that the cost of the mains was a very serious item. But the problem of selecting the most economical mains is full of complications. It involves the consideration of such matters as the energy wasted in conductors and transformers, the relative economy of the direct and alternate current systems, the effect of the "load factor"—that is, the relation between the actual output of the plant and the maximum possible output—and the material of the conductor and the insulator. We have nothing but praise for the manner in which Mr. Russell has discussed these difficult questions. To electrical engineers his book will be invaluable. Unscientific readers will be interested to learn that the substance most in fashion as an insulating material is indiarubber. Many years ago it was tried for submarine and underground telegraphs, but had to be abandoned because it deteriorated so quickly. Guttapercha, which has taken its place in telegraphy, is unsuitable for electric-lighting because of its liability to soften under the action of heat. The indiarubber now used is vulcanized, and has a high specific resistance. Whether it will prove durable time alone can show. If not, it is possible that we may have to resort to the use of oil for insulating purposes where high pressures are employed.

#### THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY. ENGLISH TOPOGRAPHY.\*

THE preface, but not the title-page or the back lettering, of this book informs us that it relates to Bedford, Berks, and Bucks, and that it is vol. i. of a series. So we may count on sixteen more volumes to complete England and Wales. But the preface also tells us that it is a mere reprint—unannotated, uncorrected—of a very fairly accessible original. Still, among a good deal of unwinnowed trivialities one can find some very interesting details of antiquities now perished. Such is the description of the glories and the ruin of Lady Place at Hurley, pulled down in 1837. Written with sympathy for the melancholy of repose that came over the splendid house, it would compare well with Elia's Blakesmore. Lady Place was so named because built on the site of Hurley Priory, which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. John Lovelace acquired the property in 1558, and his son, Richard, a successful adventurer, erected the Elizabethan mansion out of money gained in an expedition in company with Sir F. Drake. The hall, the carved staircase, and the great saloon were of marble, the walls and ceiling decorated with Italian frescoes by Verrio and Salvator Rosa. For one hundred and fifty years the Lovelaces lived there splendidly. The third Lord Lovelace was an ardent supporter of William of Orange, and during the reign of James II. meetings of the Revolution conspirators were held in the vault at Lady Place. William III. after his accession favoured Lord Lovelace, and visited him at Lady Place. In the middle of the eighteenth century the house was sold, and, gradually ceasing to be occupied, fell out of repair, and was at last pulled down. Equally interesting, if not equally well told, is the account of Cumnor Hall, once the residence of Tony Forster, pulled down in 1812 by Lord Abingdon. The correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who was evidently well acquainted with the building, describes the room and the staircase which the village tradition associated with Amy Robsart. Some of the windows and ornaments of Cumnor Hall were re-created in Wytham Church. Under Quarrendon, in the Vale of Aylesbury, are mentioned the beautiful monuments in Quarrendon Chapel to Sir Henry Lee, K.G., a Tudor statesman and soldier, to the Knight's wife and to his mistress; and how, in 1817, the delicate marble carving, the armorial bearings and the inscriptions, were being daily smashed and defaced by the inroads of cattle. We wonder what is the present state of this chapel and monuments, if, indeed, they still exist.

\* *The Gentleman's Magazine Library*; being a Classified Collection of the chief Contents of the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1731 to 1868. Edited by George Lawrence Gomme, F.S.A. London: Elliot Stock.

\* *Electricity in Daily Life: a Popular Account of the Applications of Electricity to Everyday Usages*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

*Electric Light Cables and the Distribution of Electricity*. By Stuart A. Russell. London: Whittaker & Co. 1892.

## DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.—VOL. XXXII.\*

THIS volume opens with an editorial article upon the seventeenth-century astrologer Dr. Lambe. Though he was not a person of permanent importance, yet, as "occultism" has come into fashion of late, some interest may be aroused by the history of his "notorious life" and "ignominious death," to quote the title of his earliest, and probably till now his only, biography, a rare and precious pamphlet, of which two copies are in the British Museum. Lambe, after trying private-tutorship and the study of medicine, fell "to other mysteries, as telling of fortunes, helping of divers to lost goods, shewing to young people the faces of their husbands or wives that should be in a crystal glass," dabbling in what was evidently hypnotic suggestion, practising "execrable arts" to consume a man's "body and strength," invoking and entertaining "certain evil and impious spirits"—in short, "the whole bag of tricks," as our pleasing modern slang has it. Of course he soon got into trouble; he was twice convicted of practising the Black Art, and on the second occasion was lodged in Worcester Castle. But mark the result—within a fortnight after his second trial, so it was asserted, "the high sheriff, foreman of jury, and divers others of the justices gentlemen then present of the same jury died." Gaol fever, the sceptical modern reader may suggest. But the local authorities thought it prudent to petition for the removal of the redoubtable doctor to the King's Bench prison, where, in easy confinement, receiving his numerous clients, he seems to have remained some fifteen years. Lambe, we grieve to say, was not up to the high moral standard which modern occultism is understood to demand in its adepts. He abused his privileges by the commission of a flagrant offence, which brought his neck well-nigh within the compass of a halter. Yet he not only escaped the gallows, but was released—a leniency which was doubtless due to the influence of one of his clients, the Royal favourite Buckingham. The Duke's protection carried with it the Duke's unpopularity, and Lambe was denounced in street ballads as employing his black arts to serve his patron's vices. One day in 1628 popular fury came to a head, and "the Duke's devil," as the sorcerer was called, was hunted by a raging mob through the streets from Finsbury to the Old Jewry, and so brutally beaten and mauled that he died the next morning. "Let Charles [the King] and George [Buckingham] do what they can, The Duke shall die like Doctor Lambe," ran the popular couplet; a sinister prophecy which in some degree fulfilled itself, for within three months of the lynching of Lambe Buckingham fell by the assassin's knife.

A page further on, we come upon a more harmless Lambe of later days, sometime vicar of Norham, and author of, *inter alia*, the pseudo-antique ballad of "The Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh." The recorded oddity of his courtship arrests the eye. Once upon a time he saw one Philadelphia Nelson, daughter of a Durham carrier. Many years afterwards he suddenly resolved to marry her. Accordingly he wrote a proposal to her, "inviting her to meet him on Berwick pier, and bidding her carry a tea-caddy under her arm for purposes of identification. On the appointed day, owing to his habitual absent-mindedness, he failed to meet her"; but the marriage came off nevertheless. As we have been frivolous enough to begin with oddities, we may as well go on to Daniel Lambert, the fat man, whose uncomfortable fame survives on tavern signs and in literary allusions. John Lambert, the Parliamentary general, belongs to more serious history, and is fully treated of by Mr. Firth. Lambert was a man of elegant tastes, fond of pictures and of flowers, and, as Mr. Firth tells us, he "is credited with introducing the Guernsey lily into England." It is characteristic of our ancestors' want of charity towards any occupation out of the conventional round, that Lambert's floricultural tendencies seem only to have exposed him to sneers. He was satirized as "the Knight of the Golden Tulip," and Mrs. Hutchinson spitefully describes him at his house at Wimbledon, "where he fell to dress his flowers in his garden, and work at the needle with his wife and his maids." This last bit of malice Mr. Firth does not notice, though he mentions what is probably the foundation of it—to wit, that Lambert is said to have painted flowers. If this was the case, it is likely enough that his paintings may have served as patterns for his wife's embroidery.

The ecclesiastical interest is strong in this volume. Mr. Hunt undertakes the important subject of Archbishop Lanfranc, and Miss Kate Norgate that of Archbishop Stephen Langton of immortal fame as the chief agent in obtaining the Great Charter, and as having divided the Bible into chapters. Bishop Walter Langton, the Treasurer of Edward I., is treated of by Professor Tout. Bishop Latimer is the subject of a very interesting and

fair-minded article by Mr. James Gairdner, who, though he writes sympathetically, does not conceal that, twice at least, the Protestant martyr was led into deplorable displays of party spirit. Nevertheless, when the most has been made of his errors, it is impossible not to feel both affection and reverence for Latimer. A far less pleasing product of the Reformation period is Richard Layton, Dean of York, who, in company with Dr. Legh, did the dirty work necessary as a preliminary to the dissolution of the smaller monasteries. Archbishop Laud receives nearly ten pages from Professor S. R. Gardiner. With such authorship, we need not say that the article is one of the greatest interest and value, well rewarding perusal; nor need we say that, in spite of strict impartiality of tone and due recognition of Laud's good points as well as his deficiencies, a certain lack of sympathy with his religious position makes itself felt. Professor Gardiner truly points out that, though, as has often been said, Laud's system, and not that of his opponents, finally prevailed in the Church of England, this victory was only won by the abandonment of Laud's attempt to enforce universal conformity. Laud, therefore, stands chargeable with shortsightedness in failing to see that such conformity was practically unattainable. But whatever blame he may deserve for this is balanced by the credit due to him for seeing that the minutely definite dogmatism of the Puritans would have to be abandoned if the Church was to live. Professor Gardiner does, no doubt, give him this credit, but he does it somewhat coldly. And a High Churchman would, we think, have a good deal to say as to the assertion that in Laud's mind "the external obligation always took precedence of the spiritual conception"; but we forbear to enter upon the deep questions which are hereby suggested. On the other hand, we remark that he defends Laud against the common charge of timidity and superstition, founded upon the fact that in his private diary he noted down some of his dreams. "Until it can be shown that in any single instance he allowed his conduct to be deflected by these, it may be taken that he noted them simply as curiosities." Before we leave ecclesiastical history, we must mention Mr. Stephen's biography of William Law, the author of *The Serious Call*. "Law's remarkable force of mind," says his present biographer, "placed him in opposition to the prevailing tendencies of his time, and his writings have, therefore, failed to receive due recognition, with the exception of the 'Serious Call.'" At any rate, they now receive their due from Mr. Stephen, who pronounces "that the logical power shown in Law's controversial writings surpasses that of any contemporary author, unless Bentley be an exception." Law "occupies an isolated position in the history of English thought, and even his singular literary merit has been too little recognised." In fact, Keble, who was hurt when the *Serious Call* was described as "a clever book," might perhaps have charged Mr. Stephen with regarding Law as a clever man.

In political history we notice the articles upon John George Lambton, first Earl of Durham, and Edward Law, Earl of Ellenborough. Mr. Espinasse gives an interesting account of John Law, the financier. In Indian history we remark Colonel Vetch's biography of Sir Henry Lawrence, and that of John, Lord Lawrence, by Mr. Hamilton. In literature, Professor Hales's valuable articles upon William Langland, the author of *Piers Plowman*, and upon Layamon, the author of *Brut*, deserve more notice than we can now give; and the same may be said of Mr. Stephen's biography of Walter Savage Landor. Dr. Garnett supplies an interesting account of the once famous, but well-nigh forgotten, poetess, poor "L. E. L.," whose tragic end still remains somewhat of a mystery. Among artists, the most notable are Landseer and Lawrence (by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse), and Leech, by Mr. Austin Dobson. We could mention many others, for, as we turn the pages, fresh matter of interest keeps presenting itself. But it is necessary to conclude, which we do with feelings of ever-increasing gratitude to Mr. Stephen, Mr. Lee, and their collaborators, for the great work which they carry on with such unflagging energy and well-deserved success.

## RIXÆ OXONIENSES.\*

MR. S. F. HULTON'S book, compressing into 50,000 words five centuries of University history, is a compilation from historical records which the author has joined so deftly that the reader need not skip a page. But we can go further than that; for, whether by means of inverted commas or by his own words, Mr. Hulton gives the lay reader a very striking picture of the mediæval student. Stripped of his Latinity and looked at from the view of the police authorities of the time, whether mayor or

\* *Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXXII. Lambe—Leigh. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1892.

\* *Rixæ Oxonienses*. By Samuel F. Hulton. Illustrated. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.



sheriff, the mediæval undergraduate was a dangerous rough. Learning exercised no civilizing on the student. Not only was he rowdy, but he was armed with sword and bow, and he was ready to draw on the slightest pretext. Perpetually insulting and giving offence, he was ready and keen to discover it. An arrant fighter, he was careless as to whom and how hard he hit, while he was bloody and cruel in the pursuit. When defeated he was quick to escape, or if arrested by the public force he was apt to claim his privilege of University jurisdiction.

"Oxford was well adapted for street brawls," says the author, and from the twelfth down to the end of the fifteenth century these opportunities were fully utilized for the good old game of attack and defence. The students were divided into four nations, Northern, Southern, Welsh, and Irish, of which the two former were the most important. Whatever the reason or the origin of this division was, the main purpose it served was organized fighting as frequent, as irrational, and as bloody as that between the Blues and the Greens of Constantinople. It was only the triumph in the fourteenth century of the College system over the Halls that broke up these confederations. Besides this domestic fighting, there was the standing quarrel with the town; but to the credit of the Nations be it said that a defeated Nation never called in the town to help it, and never by way of revenge helped the town. Mr. Hulton relates fully the deadly battle of St. Scholastica's day, Feb. 10, 835, which lasted for three days. This fight the town won. After pushing home their victory by rifling the Halls and killing the students, the burgesses seem to have contemplated proceeding legally against the survivors; for, as the chronicle cited by Mr. Hulton states, "Many others whom they had mortally wounded, they haled to prison, carrying their entrails in their hands in a most lamentable fashion"! For this riot the town was punished civilly and ecclesiastically. The King, on hearing of the disturbance, ordered the Sheriff and the Mayor to protect the scholars; then directed an inquiry, in the result of which the Mayor and Bailives were imprisoned in the Tower of London and a fine of 250*l.* imposed on the town, to be paid as damages to the scholars. The Bishop of Lincoln issued an excommunication and an interdict which he directed to be read in every church in Oxford. This interdict was only released after continual petitions and on condition of the city at their own expense celebrating an annual mass for the souls of the clerks killed, and that the Mayor and Bailives and sixty of the chiefest burgesses should be present at this annual mass. One of the later town rows, in 1495, was occasioned by a very modern cause. "One John Roys, 'a lusty son of Venus,' constituted himself a defender of light housewives in Oxford, and on several occasions when they were arrested by the Proctors delivered them by force from custody." This leads us to the historical explanation of the existing jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor's Court over such offences.

#### THE ELTON CATALOGUE.\*

THIS is an excellent companion to the handsome octavo which Mr. Locker-Lampson issued in 1886 under the title of the *Roufant Library*, and the affinity between the two volumes is accentuated by the fact that Mr. Pollard of the British Museum, who, with Mr. Lister, prepared the earlier book, has also advised the compilers of the present collection. There are no etchings in the *Elton Catalogue*; but their place is more than filled by a series of excellent reproductions (by Mr. Prætorius) of some of the more striking bindings. Here the bibliopægist may recreate himself by the semblances of the *Port Royal Logic* of Arnauld in citron leather, with the white eagle of Count d'Hoyrn, of Marcus Aurelius and Boccaccio in the Grolieresque fashion; of Polentonius his *Life of St. Antony* clad in red morocco by Deromé; of the novels (from the French) of Señor Juan Peres de Montalban, stamped in gold with arms of the Pompadour; of the *Office de la Quinzaine de Pâques* of Philippe d'Orléans (which cannot have much worn while in that ownership), and of a number of special items of equal interest, the inspection of which should be practically a liberal education in the department of bibliomania. The blank spaces of many pages of the Catalogue are filled with facsimiles of publishers' devices. For the books themselves, it would be idle to attempt anything like a summary. But, testing the Catalogue as most book-lovers do, for some of our favourites, we have not been disappointed. There are first editions of Boswell's *Johnson*, of Browne's *Hydrotophia*, of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, of *Rasselas*, of Lander's *Pericles and Aspasia*, of Pascal, of Rabelais, of Swift's *Baucis and Philemon*, of Steele's *Tatler* (with the spurious issues and "little

Harrison's" continuation) of Walpole's *Fugitive Pieces*, and the like. There is also an excellent collection of the works of Mr. Andrew Lang; and what we should imagine to be an exceptional and highly interesting assortment of books of small size, of which may be cited as examples La Fontaine's *Fables*, 2½ × 1½ in., and a Dante 2 × 1¼ in. To make them complete, one should have the book-plate of "that very Mab"; the other the combined *ex-libris* of Oberon and Titania.

#### DR. WILLIAM SPARK.\*

MUSIC is often called the youngest of the arts, and *maxima debetur pueris reverentia*; but a reviewer would have to be doubled with an angel to show mercy on music as represented by Dr. William Spark of Leeds. It must be said that he shows no desire to sail under false colours. From his preface we quote the following astounding sentence:—"Much matter has been specially written for this first edition of my *Reminiscences*, particularly that which refers to the origin of the Leeds Musical Festivals, and the author's treatment by the Executive Committee—treatment which no one has yet been found to defend or excuse, not even by [*sic*] the effeminate top music-critic of the 'leading newspaper of the North,' whose prejudices and borrowed information are too much known to be of any value to those who are in the swim, and are behind the scenes—a critic who, having failed in his own profession, ought to be hurled from his false position (where he mercilessly attacks those experienced men who do not and cannot agree with him), like his father's flute, which was once lent by his friend Saynor, the principal flautist of Drury Lane Theatre, for a benefit concert at his native place, Hunslet, near Leeds; and at which I was unfortunately the conductor."

Examiners on the look-out for a good piece to set for grammatical analysis may find the foregoing extract useful, but it is certainly not an auspicious or edifying introduction to the collection of *brochures*, as the author describes them, of which this volume is made up. Dr. Spark's own qualifications to speak authoritatively on musical matters may be illustrated in a variety of ways. Twenty pages are devoted to selected specimens of the annotated programmes of his organ recitals, which he hopes—to quote his own words and in their own form—

MAY PROVE OF USE AND INTEREST  
TO YOUNG ORGANISTS  
WHO HAVE NOT ALWAYS AT HAND  
THE NECESSARY MEANS AND REQUIRED BOOKS  
OF REFERENCE.

The destitute young organist relying implicitly on Dr. Spark's annotations is a touching spectacle. For he will learn *inter alia* that "before Rossini's time many operas were produced; but only one of these is now remembered, Cimaroso [*sic*] *Matrimonio Segretto*." He will also read of "Liet-motive," and be instructed how to misspell sundry simple French and Latin words. In one programme we read of a selection from Spohr's *Jessonda* that it includes the chorus "Kalt and [*sic*] Starr," which Dr. Spark, with a linguistic facility almost equal to that of the Claimant, promptly renders "Cold and starry." The last programme contains no mention of music whatsoever, but is inserted on account of the "annotation," which relates exclusively to the death of the Duke of Albany. Such irrelevance, however, is characteristic of Dr. Spark's method. One of his *brochures* is headed "A Week in the Isle of Man," and is largely taken up with an account of what Dr. Spark ate and drank. As Dr. Spark beautifully puts it, appetite when truly voracious is sublime. At Douglas he had a "most refreshing tea." At the Queen's Hotel, Ramsey, he gathered with three other friends, and tells us that his luncheon was a dinner, to all intents and purposes; after which "we four jolly old chappies enjoyed ourselves in a snug private room," where "the fun, as Burns hath it, 'grew fast and furious,' and 'we'll be young again,' came out frequently and sequentially." On the return voyage the "jolly old chappie" distinguished himself by the following brilliant sally, which is quite worthy of the inimitable Mr. Pooter, famed by the Grossmith brothers. His next neighbour, after drinking six glasses of beer, informed Dr. Spark that he was so thirsty. "Heh," I said, "you certainly take infinitely more than I could beer, under any circumstances." In another chapter he dilates on a memorable banquet held in the "swell-box" of the Leeds Town Hall organ, where the allowance for ten persons was a dozen of champagne and six bottles of port, and in a third gives a full, true, and particular account of a fish dinner at Gravesend, at which he thinks it necessary to state that he and his friends did not drink the rose water provided by their host. Under the

\* *A Catalogue of a Portion of the Library of Charles Isaac Elton and Mary Augusta Elton.* London: Quaritch.

\* *Musical Reminiscences: Past and Present.* By Dr. William Spark. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

heading of "Music, etc., in North Wales," we find a most valuable testimony to the knightage from Dr. Spark. He went to visit Sir Theodore Martin, and was received "with the courtesy and kindness which are so characteristic of the highly intellectual and well-bred upper classes of Great Britain." The sequel is worth quoting:—"After a recherche [*sic*] luncheon, we were ushered into the charmingly and artistically decorated drawing-room, where, at the request of one of the lady visitors, I had the pleasure to play on a fine-toned 'Collard and Collard' pianoforte some of Mendelssohn's *Leider* [*sic*] *ohne worte* and Chopin's *Mazurkas*."

Dr. Spark does not always, however, write in this strain of unctuous cheerfulness. Like other great men, he has had his disappointments. For example, he went to hear the *Meistersinger* at Dresden, but had to withdraw at the end of the first act—"perhaps a wiser, if not a sadder, man." It is his boast—vide his "Scraps, Anecdota," &c. at the close of the book—that he eschews egotism. How far the vaunt is justified can be tested by the most cursory process of dipping. There is one delicious passage in the course of a chapter on a visit to London in 1877. The good Doctor conscientiously tells us how he spent every moment of his time, and after recording the fact of a visit to the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Galleries, proceeds as follows:—

'As taste cannot be too much or too carefully cultivated, the real artist, whether painter, poet, or musician, will always evolve happy and refining thoughts from the contemplation of the sister-arts. For my own part, I never look on a beautiful picture, or read a fine poem, without experiencing a corresponding musical thought.'

This being the case, it was natural that Dr. Spark should feel hurt at the refusal by the Leeds Festival Committee of his offer to compose and play a solo at the last gathering. Into the rights and wrongs of his quarrel with the Committee, which are set forth at length in a chapter on the Leeds Musical Festivals, we have no desire to enter. He accuses the writers and compilers of the recently published history of that institution—"Fred. R. Spark and Joseph Bennett"—of more than one "discreditable *suppressio veri*," and preemptorily advances his claim to be considered its original founder and revivator. We have framed this word on one of Dr. Spark's own expressive coinages—*revivication*—a word almost worthy of Mr. Brown of Glasgow, the author of that Dictionary of Musicians which contains allusions to the "prolifficity" of more than one famous composer.

Where Dr. Spark confines himself to his special subject—organ construction—he is inoffensive and sometimes readable. His essay on "Choirs and Organs: their proper Position in Churches," written in 1852, is well expressed and judicious, and the chapters on Organs and Organists of the North should prove of interest to the expert reader. But, for the rest, the book may serve musical essayists much as the helot served the Spartans. Some shocking things have been done in the name of music, but few more radiantly insufferable than the Reminiscences of this "real artist" and "jolly old chappie," Dr. William Spark of Leeds.

#### THE KENDAL "BOKE OFF RECORDE."

KENDAL, already famous for its textile manufactures, was in 1575 in a state of some excitement, for the principal inhabitants had decided to apply for a Charter of incorporation; and as even in the golden days of Elizabeth such grants cost money, there was a quest, apparently from house to house, in search of persons willing to contribute to the necessary expense. The Charter, when it was given, contained a specific statement that no fee nor fine, great or small, was to be paid for it; but this declaration of queenly liberality assumes an unreal air when confronted with the solid fact that the Kendal people collected 133*l*. 8*s*. to obtain the Charter. The document itself is an interesting exhibition of the ideas as to local government current three centuries ago. The Chief Magistrate was originally styled Alderman, and with him were associated twelve capital burgesses. These are all named in the Charter. They had power to appoint two Serjeants-at-Mace, a Recorder or Steward (the first Recorder, however, is named in the Charter), to hold a Court of Record, to receive the Court fees, to hold two fairs in addition to those formerly in use, to have a Court of Frankpledge, a perambulation of the boundaries, and assize and assay of bread, wine, beer, and wood, and to make by-laws for the good government and victualling of the town. Now

that it is in some quarters suggested to transfer the licensing authority from the magistrates to the Town and County Councils, it is worth noting that all victuallers, *tam Piscicarii quam alii*, were to be under the rule of the Alderman and capital burgesses. The capital burgesses nominated yearly two candidates from their own body for the office of Alderman or Mayor, as he was afterwards styled, and the choice between the two was left to the inhabitants assembled in public meeting. This is the only democratic element visible in the Charter, for the members of the Corporation themselves filled up all vacancies as they occurred. The basis is co-optation, not representation. The Mayor, the Recorder, and the senior of the capital burgesses were appointed Justices of the Peace, and the county magistrates were debarred from interference in the affairs of the town; but the rights of the Hereditary Sheriff of Cumberland were strictly reserved to him. In order that the distinction of the chief magistracy might not be monopolized, the tenure of office was limited to one year, and the same person could not be chosen again for four years. This Charter was afterwards varied by similar grants from Charles I. and Charles II. It is thought by good authorities that the surrender of the second Charter was a nullity, and that, as the third one was granted in consideration of a void surrender, it is of no effect. In that case Kendal is still subject to the Charter of Charles I., modified, however, by the Municipal Reform Act—a circumstance that takes away any practical importance from this undecided question.

The Corporation, being fully constituted, invested in "A Boke off Recorde or Register contayninge all the Acts and Doinges in or concerninge the Corporation w<sup>ch</sup> in the towne Kirkbie Kendall begynnynge at the first entrance or Practysinge off the same wch was the eighte day off Januarij Anno Regni Dne Elizabeth dei gra Angl Ffranc et Hibne Regine fidei defensor etc decimo octavo 1575." This is now printed, partly from the original and partly from transcripts, under the auspices of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society. It is edited by Chancellor Ferguson, who has prefixed a brief introduction and added a few notes, whilst a useful index has been contributed by Mr. W. B. Arnison. The book contains lists of the Corporation and officers, coming down, in some cases, as late as the early part of the eighteenth century. A characteristic of old English ways is that no one was to be trusted or believed except on oath. The Alderman or Mayor swore to "do equall right and Justice to all person and persouns, as well the poore as the ryche"; he was "in no wyse to forgett, Dispipe or overlooke the cause off the poore orphan, wedowe, stranger or helpelesse p<sup>er</sup>son"; and to "alwayes have A vigilante Eye, a trewe care, tender consideracon ffor the preservacon and kepinge in peace and in good order, and quyett state off this hole Boroughe." The orders made by the Corporation deal with a variety of subjects. Six "manlike" men, with halberds were appointed for a nightly watch. There were regulations to secure the proper "dighting" and dresing of cloth. This fabric, although called "cotton," was really woollen. The feasting at bridals, churchings, and other occasions were a source of difficulty to the Corporation, who restricted the number of persons sharing in these co-operative jublations. As eighty guests were permitted at a wedding dinner, and "twelve wyffes" at a "kyrkyng," the restriction was not very rigid, and even this rule did not apply to the "drynkyns" held in connexion with elections, with court days, with the archery exercises, or with the guild meetings to prepare for the Corpus Christi play. The members of the Corporation in their procession to church and on other solemnities were to wear a plain cloth gown of black or some other "sad" colour and a round black cap. Afterwards we read of "vyolat gowns." Apparently the Aldermen and burgesses were shy or indifferent as to this outward and visible sign of dignity, for in 1617 a fine was ordered to be inflicted on all who still neglected to provide themselves with gowns. The trade of the town was in the hands of twelve Guilds or Companies. None of these were of single trades, though an effort is apparent to bring together those which are naturally related. The chapmen, merchants, and salters were to elect two wardens, one of whom was to be a chapman and the other a merchant or salter; but of the butchers and "fishers"—presumably fishmongers—the warden was always to be a butcher. The innholders, ale-house-keepers, and tipplers had four wardens, of whom two were to be innholders and two alehouse-keepers. The "typlers" were thus excluded from office. The wardens had a general supervision of their trades, and it was their duty to make report at the Common Hall of whatever they found amiss. It is sad to think that even the civic dignitaries of Kendal were not immaculate. The first Mayor, a few years after the incorporation, scandalized the town by his proceedings with a married dame who was not so discreet as she ought to have been. This having become "notoriously known to the sclander and offence of the Magistrats off

\* A Boke off Recorde or Register containing all the acts and doings in or concerninge the Corporation within the towne of Kirkbie Kendall beginning . . . 1575. To which are added the several Charters granted by Q. Elizabeth, K. Charles I., and K. Charles II. Edited by Richard S. Ferguson, M.A., LL.M., F.S.A., Chancellor of Carlisle. Kendal: T. Wilson.



the said Bourge and evil example of the residew off the inhabitants," he was removed from office. A few years later the lady, not having amended her ways in the meantime, was ordered to be first carted through the town, and then banished from it, unless she became, within a specified time, reconciled to her husband. Whether she preferred public infamy to the company of her placable spouse does not appear. In the minds of the framers the cause of good morals was no doubt also involved in the "order for lying away meate called smalmate at every alderman his principal dinner." This is supposed to be a Puritanical prohibition of mincepies! The greater part of the orders deal with the sanitary and trade affairs of the borough. "Laws and constitutions" were drawn up for the several trades; but Thomas Dalston, who was Recorder in 1685, appends to them a warning note that "these restraining bylaws meet with no favour in Westminster Hall," and that their "own Moothall is altogether improper, since no man is admitted to be judex in his own causa." There are memoranda as to various gifts to the Free School, and other charities; but the chief interest of the "Book of Record" is the light that it throws on the working of municipal institutions in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

#### THE BATH STAGE.\*

THE position of the Bath stage is unique, and a full record of its history could not be other than acceptable. Its glories belong now to the past, and the latest Bath theatre does not even occupy a prominent place among country houses. At no time was it entitled to quite so much attention as its admirers and supporters have been in the habit of claiming for it. Far less picturesque are its annals than those of Edinburgh or Dublin, and they are less diversified also with incident—a fact for which the eminently docile nature of the Bath public is chiefly responsible. No record is there, as at Edinburgh, of the chief supporters of the stage—advocates and writers to the Signet, whose names have since become historic—banding together to hound from the pursuit of his profession an actor against whom their high mightinesses happened to have an unmerited grudge, or, as in Dublin, of armed rioters taking practical possession of the house, and treating as base pretenders to breeding the actors who had interfered to protect from insult the women of their own profession. Like the Dutchman in the time of Spanish occupation, the denizen of Bath could only be roused to any "sudden flood of mutiny" by an assault upon his pocket. He bore with tolerable meekness the intrusion upon the stage of the most ignorant and arrogant amateurs, and he resented the infliction of weak companies in the only legitimate manner, by deserting the theatre. Only when prices were "put up," and a shilling more was demanded for admission to the theatre of aristocratic Bath than to the associate house in commercial Bristol, was the public really wounded.

Such glories as Bath possessed were practically crowded into the latter half of the eighteenth century, and were due to the energy and taste of one man, backed up by the accident of position. Before the invention of mail-coaches even—which took their rise in Bath, and were the invention of the Bath manager—Bath and Bristol were more accessible than any other theatrical centre. The London manager in search of novelty could run down easily to Bath to recruit his staff; while a visit to York or the Eastern circuit, to say nothing of a voyage to Dublin, was a more formidable undertaking. But for its proximity to London, Bath would scarcely have taken the position it held. Palmer, who drifted into management, was an energetic and a capable man, but was not, so far at least as judgment of actors was concerned, the equal of Tate Wilkinson, the manager of the York circuit. Indirectly, as well as directly, Bath benefited by its propinquity to London. Managers disappointed in applicants whom they had encouraged to visit London from remote spots sent them on to Bath, with recommendations to the management, which not seldom led to an engagement. To a chance of this kind Bath owed its crowning honour. This was the long service—long, comparatively, that is—of John Henderson, known as the Bath Roscius, the most formidable and the best equipped of the innumerable rivals of Garrick. An Irishman by birth, Henderson made early application to Garrick, who judged him good enough for Bath, but not for London. Fortified by Garrick's recommendation, Palmer, the Bath manager, engaged him for three years, at a salary rising from one to two guineas a week. On the 6th October, 1771, under the name of Courtney, Henderson made his first appearance in Bath, playing Hamlet, Richard III., Benedict, Macbeth, Bobadill Bayes.

\* *The Bath Stage: a History of Dramatic Representations in Bath.* By Belville S. Penley. London: Lewis; Bath: "Herald" Office.

Don Felix, in *The Wonder*, and Essex followed quickly, and on the 26th December, as Hotspur, he played under his own name, reciting an address by a Bath notability upon his change of name.

For a few years while Henderson remained at its head the Bath Theatre suggested a veritable, if unequal, opposition to London. The company included some capable actors, notably Edwin, not yet engaged for London, which he reached about the same time as Henderson; the Didiers, capable performers, and Dimond and Keasberry, subsequently to be associated in the Bath management. To keep up still further the attitude of rivalry to London, Henderson was in the habit of reciting Garrick's prologue. No long time elapsed before Henderson, who had made a great name in Bath, and secured friends such as John Beard the singer, Paul Whitehead the dramatist, and Thomas Gainsborough, thought himself justified in making fresh application to the London managers. Once more he experienced a rebuff. Garrick, Foote, Harris, and Leake heard him rehearse, and refused to engage him, while Colman would not even grant him an interview. From Colman, however, the engagement was to come, though not until the summer of 1777, when Henderson appeared at the Haymarket as Shylock. London's loss had been the gain of Bath, where Henderson had been seen in a score fresh parts in both comedy and tragedy. When he did appear, even, Garrick would none of him. He watched his Shylock, and found nothing to say. In the Tubal of some unknown actor, however, Garrick characteristically discovered merits with which times previous and subsequent have not concerned themselves.

While Henderson, then, was delighting Bath with Macbeth, Pierre, Benedict, and Archer, Edwin was establishing a reputation not less high, in a different class, as Launcelot Gobbo, First Gravedigger, Hob, and Mawworm. Those were the genuinely palmy days of the Bath Theatre. A subsequent period, from 1790 to 1805, is regarded by Mr. Penley as the period of highest provincial prosperity. Artistically, however, the Henderson period stands foremost. A second time of triumph came when Mrs. Siddons, temporarily rejected by London, came to Bath to establish her reputation. Her appearance in Bath, beginning 1778-79, trod close on the heels of the departure of Henderson. Unlike her predecessor, however, she had played in London, having been seen with Garrick at Drury Lane in 1775-76 in half a dozen characters. Birmingham, York, and Liverpool were then visited, and probably Manchester and Bath could in no sense be regarded as having had her *prémices*. A noble array of parts was, however, given in the four seasons she spent in Bath. Lady Macbeth, Lady Townly, Belvidera, Portia, Imogen, Isabella, in *Measure for Measure*, Andromache, Mrs. Beverley, Miss Hardcastle, Hamlet (!), Mrs. Oakly, Constance, constituted not a third of the characters in which she was seen in Bath before winning final acceptance in London. Macready's connexion with Bath was also close and honourable, though, like that of Mrs. Siddons, it came at the close of country experiences elsewhere. With him, however, as with innumerable actors, Bath proved an important stage on the journey to London. No passage in Macready's "Reminiscences" is better known or more interesting than that in which he describes his own sensation upon arriving in Bath, and his observation upon a city the winter season of which he then held to be "to the fashionable world the precursor of that of the London spring." Not until the 29th December, 1814, did Macready as Romeo make his first appearance in Bath; Kean also visiting the city for the first time the same season. Two years earlier an engagement was offered Macready by Dimond for the Bath Theatre. Macready was then unable to leave his father. Had he done so, and appeared at the time stated, his association with Bath would have come near that of Henderson, the only actor of highest mark, except perhaps Elliston, to whom Bath stands as *alma mater*.

It is, of course, pardonable in Mr. Penley to attempt to tighten the links by which Bath is bound to actors or writers of position. We grudge, however, the space he has assigned to those whose memoirs can be read in every dictionary of biography. Of Sheridan and his wife there is thus a long and superfluous account. Sheridan was in a sense associated with Bath. What celebrity of the time was not? He has, moreover, made Bath the scene of a great comedy, and in so doing has done much to raise the influence of the city. A process of reasoning similar to that necessary to justify the inclusion of Sheridan in the story of the Bath Theatre, would justify that of Quin, who, if he did not act in Bath, at least died there, and whose tomb, with its inscription by Garrick, is one of the most familiar features in the Abbey. In place of the particulars concerning people so well known as Sheridan and Mrs. Siddons, we should have been thankful for a further account of many actors and actresses concerning whom accessible information is scarce.

After her separation from her husband, Mrs. Mozeen, the wife of the actor-dramatist, author of the famous recitation often given in Bath, "Bucks, have at ye all," played for some seasons in Bath. She is an attractive, if not wholly edifying, personage, for a list of whose characters we should be thankful. Though driving away her husband and scandalizing her friend and teacher Kitty Clive by the multitude of her lovers, Mrs. Mozeen was so modest that her timidity is said always to have stood in the way of her advancement. Tate Wilkinson chronicles concerning her that "at the least low joke she blushed to such an extent as to give the beholder pain for an offence not intended." Loose jokes were not thought much of in Tate Wilkinson's days behind the curtain, or, indeed, in other places. For Mr. Penley's benefit we may say that this shy adornment of the Bath stage was first seen when almost a child for Kitty Clive's benefit, and that she sang at Covent Garden the part of Sabrina in *Comus*.

As regards the fate of subsequent buildings in Bath which have been devoted to the drama, Mr. Penley's volume may be consulted. Mr. Penley has extracted from municipal records the references to any performances he can trace. These are not more interesting than in the case of other places of commensurate antiquity and importance. It is well, however, that all such references should be rendered accessible. Palmer, as we have said, is responsible for what is best in connexion with the Bath stage. He was able, moreover, to train up Dimond and Keasberry worthily to succeed him. The genuine interest of the Bath stage centres, as we have said, in the period of Henderson and that immediately succeeding. Macready belongs to Birmingham, Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles to the Welsh circuit of Roger Kemble; Yorkshire and the Eastern circuit sent good actors to London; and Bath's supremacy is not incontestable, though we are indisposed to contest it. We welcome Mr. Penley's book, which first appeared in the pages of a Bath newspaper. We wish it were a little more generous with local particulars, and cannot forgive the absence of an index.

## LAW BOOKS.\*

MR. CHARLES D. FORSTER sets out in a small and cheap volume his view of the law relating to the "small holdings" which have become a legal entity in virtue of the Small Holdings Act passed during the last Session of Parliament. Although Mr. Forster's treatise is based upon that Act, of which the text is set forth in the Appendix, it is not an edition of the Act, which, from a merely legal point of view, would probably be a more useful sort of book. The information given as to the effect of former Acts to which this one has reference is scanty and unsupported by any citation of authority. The chapters deal respectively with the method of getting to work under the Act, with sale by the existing owners to the County Council, with the sale or letting by the Council after the land is acquired, with the payments due from the holder of the small holding, and with the conditions by the observance of which that holder may ultimately become complete owner. In these chapters Mr. Forster gives an interesting general account of this attempt to avert by legislative means the disposition of land to which, as it appears, the wishes and convenience of private vendors and purchasers would lead, if they were left to produce their natural results. His work is less a legal text-book than an amplified lecture or

\* *A Manual of the Law relating to Small Agricultural Holdings; with the Small Holdings Act, 1892.* By Charles D. Forster, Solicitor, Author of "The Law of Compensation under the Agricultural Holdings (England) Act, 1883." London: Stevens & Sons. 1892.

*The Law of Torts.* By Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Principles of Contract" &c. Third edition. London: Stevens & Sons. 1892.

*The Law relating to Betting, Time-Bargains, and Gaming.* By G. Herbert Stutfield, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Tattersall's Rules of Betting" &c. Third edition. By G. Herbert Stutfield and Henry Strother Cautley, Barrister-at-Law. London: Waterlow & Sons. 1892.

*Commentaries on Equity Jurisprudence.* By Hon. Mr. Justice Story, LL.D., sometime one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Second English edition. By W. F. Grigsby, LL.D. (Lond.), of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1892.

*A Treatise on the Construction and Effect of Statute Law.* By Henry Hardcastle, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition, revised and enlarged. By William Fielden Craies, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1892.

*The Law and Custom of the Constitution.* Part I. "Parliament." By Sir William R. Anson, Bart., D.C.L., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1892.

*The Law relating to Building Societies.* By Edward Albert Warzburg, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition. London: Stevens & Sons. 1892.

*Principles of the Criminal Law.* By Seymour F. Harris, B.C.L., M.A., Author of "A Concise Digest of the Institutes of Gaius and Justinian." Sixth edition. By Charles L. Attenborough, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1892.

magazine-article, and as such it may be expected principally to interest students of political economy—using that expression in a wide sense. It shows care, thoughtfulness, and considerable lucidity in style and arrangement, and may with advantage be perused by those who desire to investigate the actual advances that have been made in legislation of a socialistic character.

It is not surprising that a work so full of interest as Sir Frederick Pollock's *Torts* should have reached a third edition within six years of its first publication, and it may confidently be anticipated that others will follow at the same sort of rate, inasmuch as there is no other compendious treatise on the subject of anything like the same scope or authority. This edition has been brought down to date as nearly as is practicable, nearly enough, for example, to include the judgment of the House of Lords in *MacGregor v. The Mogul Steamship Co.* The book is probably by this time well established as one without having studied which no one can be said to have completed his legal education.

A new edition (the third) of Mr. G. H. Stutfield's handbook on the laws of betting, upon which subject he has constituted himself an authority, comes appropriately upon the passing of this year's Gaming Act. The purpose of this Act was to reverse the doctrine set up by the judgment of the majority of the Court of Appeal in *Read v. Anderson*. To our thinking, it was a pity that an opportunity did not arise of effecting this desirable alteration of the law by a judgment of the House of Lords. Messrs. Stutfield and Cautley naturally remark upon the circumstance that the new Act only takes away from the agent the right of recovering from his principal money paid by the agent in respect of wagers made and lost by the agent in obedience to the principal's instructions, and leaves the principal whatever right he previously had to recover from the agent money received by the agent in respect of wagers similarly made and won. They are of opinion that the principal has this right, but the decisions they quote seem to leave the matter at least open to argument. Apart from specific authority, it is no easy matter to bring such a claim within any of the recognized general principles of law. How can it be maintained that such money is received by the agent for the principal's use when the person who pays it was not bound to pay it to any one, and parted with the money—from the legal point of view—gratuitously, and without any direction as to what was to be done with it? And in as far as there is any agreement between the principal and the agent, that the agent shall pay such money to the principal, how can it legally be distinguished from the wager between the principal and the agent himself acting as principal, which it very often is, and probably almost always is, in the case of bets made upon horse-races? The new matter in the present edition has not been very artistically welded into the old. In respect of this statute, for instance, there is a great deal of matter left in which ought to have come out, and the judgment of the Court of Appeal in *Read v. Anderson* is still mentioned as a quite recent event though it was delivered eight years ago. There are several blemishes in the printing, including references to Lord "Herschel" and Chief Justice "Earle." The chapter on Lotteries is well done, and altogether the book is thoughtful, and likely to be of use in its somewhat humble sphere.

Dr. Grigsby sets before English readers for the second time Story's great work upon Equity. He still leaves the reader to discover for himself which parts of his text are the work of his author and which his own. The task—for readers with leisure—is not so difficult as to be absolutely impossible; but brackets, or something of that sort, would be convenient for purposes of cursory inspection. There is no doubt, however, that the English edition is useful, because the book is essential for students' purposes, and no other edition is readily obtainable in this country. If it was worth Dr. Grigsby's while to give a list of the judges of the High Court at the beginning of his book, one does not see why it should give the members of the Court as they were in 1887. There have been six judges appointed since then.

Although it is thirteen years since the original publication of Mr. Henry Hardcastle's volume on the Construction—i.e. the Interpretation—of Statutes, and although an Interpretation Act was passed in 1889, the second edition, by Mr. W. F. Craies, can hardly be said, from the reader's point of view, to be a substantially new book. Probably from the point of view of the editor it gave at least as much trouble as if it had been. The result of Mr. Craies's industry is a sound and good piece of work, the new light thrown on the subject since 1879 having been blended with the old in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. Though less a student's manual than a practitioner's text-book, it is the sort of volume an intelligent perusal of which would educate a student better than the reading of much substantive law.



The recent appearance of the Second Part ("The Crown") of Sir William Anson's work on Constitutional Law is followed by a second edition of "Part I. Parliament," which was first published two or three years ago. We pointed out at the time that this volume was the repository of much accurate information usefully and sensibly arranged. The Rules of Procedure adopted by the House of Commons in 1888 have been duly incorporated so far as the scale of Sir William's work requires it, but otherwise the present edition differs little from its predecessor.

Mr. Wurzburg describes his book on *The Law Relating to Building Societies* as a second edition, but he declares in his preface that it is really a new book, because the first edition was merely an edition of the Acts on the subject. He now essays a more coherent and organic treatise. The Acts 1874-1884 duly appear in the first appendix, and the others supply a reasonable stock of rules, forms, and the like. The work appears, perhaps, at a suitable moment, and may find eagerly, if rather gloomily, interested readers among the laymen interested in the subject, for whom Mr. Wurzburg says that it is partly intended.

We have received the sixth edition of Mr. Seymour Harris's work for Students on Criminal Law, which shows that students and their teachers like it.

#### THE SCHOOL OF MUSKETRY AT HYTHE.\*

THIS rather imposing volume strikes us as somewhat disappointing. Its title and appearance are suggestive of some historical review of the progress instruction in musketry has made in our armies, an account of the methods and results of our present system, and we might even have hoped not unreasonably for some enlightenment with regard to what may be looked for in the future from modern fire tactics and our improved rifle. Instead of this, however, we are put off with a large collection of photographs, of which some are of scant interest, and none have any pretensions to artistic merit. Mr. Miller has, in fact, compiled an illustrated guide-book after the nature of those souvenirs of favourite watering-places with which the local stationers adorn their windows. According to the title-page the photographs are appended to the letterpress, whereas the latter might well have been compressed to grace the margins of the former. So interesting and important an addition to a modern armoury as the Maxim gun, for example, is described in ten brief lines of ample type, and of the lecture-room all the writer can tell us is that it "is furnished with long desks, as shown in the engraving" (not, by the way, an engraving, but a photograph), "and contains specimens of guns and rifles, from a very early date up to the present time." The photograph is labelled "interior of lecture-room," and it needs neither a ghost nor a volume which costs 6s. 6d. to give us information with which our own eyesight will supply us. The early history of Hythe does not rise above the kind usually purveyed in local handbooks, and occupies the ten first pages; we then have a sketch of the Royal Staff Corps, which formerly tenanted the barracks, and are supplied with some tables giving its exact strength and composition, with rather more detail than it strikes us is called for. The information, too, is often more grandiloquent than exact. It is hardly necessary to tell anyone likely to read these pages that "Hythe is one of our most important military stations"; an excellent School of Musketry it certainly possesses, but that will hardly place it in the same category as Aldershot or the Curragh, any more than the fact that the *Britannia* is at Dartmouth will put that pretty seaport on the level of Portsmouth or Plymouth. We have also our doubts, in spite of its being expressly so stated, whether "Fort Sutherland can act in the light of an annexe" to any building, main or otherwise. It may very probably interest many officers who have spent some time within those comfortable walls to see the photograph of the ante-room and mess, which duly appear among similar presentments of every imaginable building at which a camera could by any possibility be levelled; but they and the great British public need hardly be informed that on the mantelpiece inside there "now reposes a very handsome clock" with a suitable inscription (which is duly given), such as may be seen in every mess-room in the kingdom, and dating back no further than 1891. Is it also vitally essential in an account of "one of the most important military stations" to describe a silver presentation cup given in 1889, even though it may be 15 inches high, and weigh no less than 96 ounces? Most of the information conveyed in these pages is, in fact, of the above character, and some of it is not even of as much interest. It never rises greatly beyond the level of a mere reference to an illustration, and, as we have shown, is extremely meagre even in

those cases where there was scope for enlarging to useful purpose. What puzzles us chiefly is the question for whom the pages so handsomely bound and profusely illustrated are intended. Those who have passed through the inevitable "course" will scarcely care to carry away more than a few of the photographs as remembrances of the time they spent at studying trajectories and velocities. On the other hand, those who desire information as to the latest strides and developments in the shooting of our soldiers will find scarcely anything to help them in their researches. The book is too elaborate for one class, and not enough so for the other. It must be allowed, however, that in all exterior respects the work has been well done, and that as regards paper, type, and binding there is little to be desired. The camera, too, has done its best, and if the pictures are often lacking in interest and beauty, the fault rather lies with the locality than with them. For it must be confessed that Hythe is scarcely picturesque, and that "the Ranges," "the Parade Ground," and "Commandant's House" (in the traditional style of English barrack architecture) would have defied the genius of Turner, had he tried to infuse "the beauty and the dream" into their formal hideousness. That Mr. Miller and his publishers should have ventured to offer us some forty views of similar pattern says more for their valour than their discretion.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. XAVIER MARMIER, who died this week at the age of eighty-three (for he, too, was born in 1809), was an interesting, if not a very remarkable, figure in French literature. For he was a man of 1830 also; he published his first book in the famous year. He was, though not exactly a brilliant, an exceedingly accomplished and agreeable, writer of French; and, though his literary work had never been very original, he had at a critical time had much to do with breaking down that extreme ignorance of other countries and other literatures which was the reproach of the Classical period in France, and which the Romantic "Xenomania" went far to remove. Half a century ago M. Marmier put a French dress on Goethe, on Schiller, on Hoffmann, and introduced them to his countrymen; but his labours of this kind were even more geographical than literary. He was no bad critic, a fair historian of (especially Scandinavian) literature, and the author of agreeable tales. But his chief occupation was to travel about in Europe, in America, and elsewhere, and to record his travels in a pleasant, leisurely, well-bred fashion, with the aid of an excellent academic strain of French. Alas! those who possess that strain are getting uncommonly rare now—the very crew who were reduced to ten at Cadiz were more numerous than they.

Of those who, in the younger generations, preserve some of the charm of this, in its way, incomparable tongue, few, if any, stand higher than M. Anatole France (1), from whom we have another collection of the curious and attractive stories which, in his intervals of criticism, he affects. Not that M. France is not strongly "modern," too; but he is, in a way, a chip of the old block. His present "etwée," as our own ancestors used to call it, enshrines an agreeable assortment of articles, sixteen in number, and of very various sizes, from half-a-dozen pages to half a gross. The opening story, "Le procureur de Judée," is a type of the whole, and would stamp the book, if it were anonymous, as M. France's, by its odd ironic quietism of style and the peculiar character of the subject. It need scarcely be said that M. France's Pilate is not exhibited to us as hounded by the Furies into any lake on any mountain-top. He is an old man at Baïa, nursing his gout, and with a grievance against his superiors; but otherwise a placid, stately, and well-to-do ex-official enough. To him enters (strictly speaking, it is the other way) L. Ælius Lamia, an old friend who has known him in his Palestine days. Lamia has been first a young libertine, then an exile and a wanderer, and is now, like Pilate himself, a valetudinarian recluse, but still of no very strict life and conversation. After much talk of old times, a reminiscence of Mary Magdalene (what Frenchman could touch this subject and leave the Magdalene alone?) awakes in Lamia a further reminiscence of her Master. Does Pilate remember him? Pilate searches his memory; but Jesus of Nazareth is a mere name to him, and he cannot attach any sort of association whatever to it.

It might, perhaps, be objected by a very severe critic that this sort of "surprise-ending" is a little too much of a trick. The same Momus, we suppose, would find fault with some of the other stories in the volume, for having, strictly speaking, no ending at all, and would designate this as a trick too. But "trick" in such matters usually suggests a remark of somebody about

\* *The School of Musketry at Hythe.* By W. S. Miller. London: Clowes & Sons. 1892.

(1) *L'étui de nacre.* Par Anatole France. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

another word—the word pedantry. “What we call scholarship when we like the scholar or his work, we call pedantry when we don’t like the pedant and his.” So it is with M. France, except that his ways, if not always distinctly great, are almost invariably gracious. His admirers will find few things that will not please them here, and we need only specify “La messe des ombres,” “Gestas,” and “Le petit soldat de plomb,” where almost all the contents are charming.

M. Normand had an excellent subject in Greuze (2), and, if he has not in all respects made quite so much of it as some of his colleagues have made of subjects not apparently so tempting, he has made a very good book, especially in the technical criticism, which is frank, but fair and sensible. Perhaps we should have liked the book better if it had been possible—which we very frankly admit it was not—to give fewer of Greuze’s popular pieces (the Repentant Sons and Dying Peasants, and bashful brides presented to their future families, and all the other namby-pamby sentimentalities, with here and there a point of sensuality thrown in) which charmed their age, of which Diderot (not without *échappées* of his usual clear-sighted criticism) made himself the laureate, and which are now for the most part intolerable enough. With these things, which suggest (if such a thing be conceivable) Hogarths without humour, M. Normand is, as we have acknowledged, of necessity much busied. But he might, we think, have given us more of the things that make Greuze’s fame, despite his very faulty colour and other demerits. For instance, we do not find here, and we do not think we have missed it, though its exact title elips us, that exquisite smiling face, in a sort of black lace mantilla, which is the Greuze type at its very loveliest. What the type is, is well known. We are rather inclined to think that it is misdescribed as “voluptuous” *per se*, though it is so in this head just referred to, in “La Voluptueuse,” especially in that form of it called “Le baiser envoyé” (both are given here), and others. There is more of the “irresistible Venus” in divers pastels of La Tour than in almost any of his contemporary’s pictures. But then Greuze’s type was his own, though to do him justice he could go outside of it. Of such excursions M. Normand produces a capital example in the charming “Marquise de Chauvelin.” Here the traits are as different from Greuze’s favourite babyish ones as possible—the face a long oval, a straight and pointed nose, sharp satirical eyes, an immensely long throat, and a not very opulent bust, but the whole is delightful. According to the excellent habit of the series, many of the full-page cuts are from studies and drawings, not from finished pictures—the only means of giving the reader a real comprehension of the artist’s method and power.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

TO be insensible of the peril and darkness of their condition is the mark of the unregenerate, and there be many, we fear, who could realize some glimmering of the dark and distressful state of art in this country only from a conscientious study of *The Dial*, an occasional publication, edited by Messrs. C. Ricketts and C. H. Shannon. The “first *Dial*,” we learn from an inspired manifesto in the second *Dial* now before us, was accused of “mere art eclecticism.” It was also—though this does not appear in the discreet statement referred to—by superficial persons regarded as the joint effort of a little band of clever artists and writers to be original as well as occasional. We fell not into such errors, being saved therefrom by our reverence for the things of art revered by those whose hands direct this *Dial*—the works of the English pre-Raphaelites, the prophetic soul of William Blake, all the Primitives and the Impressionists—and, to a certain extent, by sympathy with the *Décadence* fervours of Mr. John Gray’s verse and Mr. T. Sturge Moore’s. Is there in this “mere art eclecticism”? Rather should we class both *Dials* with those “star dials” of which the poet sings, that “pointed to morn.” For, although it is unhappily true that “dawn itself promises day only to some, not to all,” there remains the consoling reflection that “Art has been, Art is, this is the pledge that it will be again” (p. 26). As to originality, since we hold there is nothing, excepting mere cleverness, more odious and more common nowadays than mere originality, it is cheering to be assured that *The Dial* makes “no claim to originality.” And so we thought, from the very moment when *The Dial* swam into our ken. And now, if there is much that is cryptic and more that is mysterious in this second number, it is precisely what the circumstances warrant. In the glimmering light you can reasonably expect to see, if at all, very darkly. “The Marred Face,” by Mr. Ricketts, is an apologue we cannot

profess to have fathomed, and the profundity of “King Comfort,” by Mr. Moore, is as the profundity of a riddle. But Mr. Shannon’s lithographs, “Repeated Bend” and “With Viol and Flute,” and Mr. Ricketts’s decorative cuts in the text, are designs that appeal, as music does, to the artist, and Mr. H. P. Horne’s invocation “To the Flowers, to Weep” is a charming lyric.

Since the somewhat severe day of Dr. Currie the biographers of Burns have by a natural reaction passed through various phases of the apologetic. Perhaps the apologists had as little right to rule in courts of criticism as the moralists. Sir George Douglas, who edits a selection of *Love Songs of Robert Burns* (Fisher Unwin), cannot suppose that the poet “stands in need of an apologist.” Altogether, Sir George Douglas, in his brief introduction to this pretty and well-selected volume, is faithful to this sensible point of view. These love songs are not all of the first excellence, but it was a happy idea to collect them all, with the necessary biographical key and comment, and to print them in true sequence.

*Selections from Sydney Smith* (Scott), edited by Ernest Rhys, is chiefly made up of extracts from the *Edinburgh*, and, as regards the book reviews of Sydney Smith, is satisfactory and representative. A selection of this kind must needs be entertaining. Here are characteristic and eminently droll examples of reviewing, such as the Waterton’s “Wanderings,” Monk Lewis’s “Alfonso,” “A Sermon of Dr. Parr,” and others of the kind. But it is strange that the specimens from “Peter Plymley” should be but meagre, seeing that Mr. Rhys quotes Moore’s opinion that those letters bear the greatest likeness to the author’s conversation. And the Singleton letters should have been represented.

Sydney Smith’s article “On the Conversion of India,” which Mr. Rhys gives, is inevitably suggested by the correspondence of Carey and other Baptist missionaries in India—*Serampore Letters*, edited by Leighton and Mornay Williams, with an introduction by Thomas Wright (Putnam’s Sons). In this “unpublished correspondence” are passages that Sydney Smith would have been delighted to quote and italicize, as he quotes the naïf account of the converted Brahman who developed a scandalous thirst for Bengali rum, and the next morning *decamped suddenly*. In one letter reference is made to a “Hindoo brother” who was the first native to address the meeting. “I did not understand him,” the writer ingenuously confesses; “but it gave me pleasure to see the desirable sight.” Carey’s letters, however, are characteristically fervid and hopeful, and Mr. Wright has written an interesting account of the origin of the Serampore mission. The book is well illustrated with pictures of Olney—Sutcliffe’s house, &c.—and portraits of Carey, Andrew Fuller, and the Rev. John Williams of New York.

*Missing Friends*, a volume of the “Adventure” Series (Fisher Unwin), has nothing to do with involuntary or mysterious disappearances, as we had surmised, but is a narrative of the experiences of a Danish emigrant in Queensland, who had abandoned his home without a word to his family, and thus became a “missing friend.” The story of his wanderings, if not in any sense mysterious, or particularly exciting, is sufficiently varied to hold us interested throughout, and some of the episodes are told with uncommon power. Such are the accounts of the rush to the Palmer River gold-fields, the journey through the “Never Never Land,” and the death of Thorkill, the writer’s companion, a gigantic, simple-minded Iclander, whose inability to battle with the world and childlike soul recall the poetic ideal of primitive man. He belonged rightly to the Age of Gold, when gold was not, and nothing more incongruous than his presence in Queensland is conceivable. We have heard sad stories of deaths in the desert, of lonely men suddenly seized with the delirium of fever or insanity; but Thorkill seems to have died in the bush of sheer home-sickness, and the story of his end is one of the most pathetic we know of.

Mr. A. W. Dubourg’s romantic drama, *Angelica* (Bentley & Son), is not of the “closet” description of poetic plays, but is obviously designed for the stage, and shows the indispensable knowledge of stage requirements. It treats of a theme of general interest, and one with which the theatrical public must be tolerably sympathetic. *Angelica Kauffmann* is the heroine, and among the *dramatis personæ* are her father, the engraver; Fersen, her adventurous adorer; Sir Joshua Reynolds, Bartolozzi, Northcote, Count Strossman, and Lady Margaret Forbes. The web of intrigue, which forms the staple of the drama, is woven with skill, and there are at least two effective “curtains.”

If the author had not indirectly hinted the suggestion, it would not have occurred to us that *Quentin Doornise*, by J. M’Gavin Sloan (Alexander Gardner), could be mistaken for a Scottish version of Richardson’s most famous novel. Even in the matter of length, though it is tediously spun out, it falls far short of *Clariissa*.

(2) *Les artistes célèbres—Greuze*. Par Charles Normand. Paris: Allion.



Doonrise is a Scottish laird, and a bachelor, who determines to engage as housekeeper the pretty daughter of one of his tenants at the critical hour when a certain preacher, of Arminian convictions, is spreading his heretical teaching among the devout Calvinists of the district. A specimen of this preacher's eloquence is given in the story, and it chances that Doonrise is among the audience. From this point theological discussions predominate. The book is full of them, and Doonrise, who at first promises to be a refreshing exception to the rest of the persons of the story, develops an interest in free will, election, and so forth. His wrestlings with "the question of human accountability" are presented with merciless persistence. He is for ever preparing to make the *amende honorable*—for is not his will free?—but cannot bring himself to face "society." He acts, at length, when it is too late, and then blows out his brains. Not a note of true passion is sounded from beginning to end of the story, and it is inconceivable that any reader should be simple or susceptible enough to care one straw about the fate of Doonrise or his "Clarissa."

In the "Golden Treasury" series we have new editions of *Robinson Crusoe*, edited by J. W. Clark, and of *La Lyre Française*, edited by Gustave Masson (Macmillan & Co.)

Among recent translations we note *Borneo: its Geology and Mineral Resources* (Stanford), from the German of Dr. Theodor Poschwitz, by F. H. Hatch, F.G.S.; *Moltke: his Life and Character*, translated by Mary Herms, with illustrations after drawings by General von Moltke; and a French version by M. Ch. Ed. Guillaume—*Bulles de Savon* (Paris: Gauthier-Villars)—of *Soap Bubbles*, lectures by Mr. C. V. Boys, South Kensington Museum.

New editions we have of *The Three Fates*, by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan & Co.); *Beast and Man in India*, by J. L. Kipling, illustrated by the author (Macmillan & Co.); *The Family Feud*, by Thomas Cooper (Routledge); *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* (Fisher Unwin); *Stray Studies from England and Italy*, by J. R. Green (Macmillan & Co.); *What Was It?* by Greta Armar (Glasgow: Bryce & Son); *The Burgomaster's Daughter*, &c., by W. H. G. Kingston and others (Hogg); *The Steady Aim*, by W. H. Davenport Adams (Hogg); *Out and About*, by J. Hain Friswell (Hogg); *Exploits of Lord Cockrane*, &c., by Lieut.-Colonel Knollys (Dean & Son); *Gallant Sepoys and Sowars*, by Major Elliott and Lieut.-Colonel Knollys (Dean & Son); *Our Foreign Competitors*, by James Baker (Sampson Low & Co.); *Dombey and Son*, reprint of first edition, with the illustrations and introduction by Charles Dickens the Younger (Macmillan & Co.); *Count Robert of Paris*, sixpenny copyright edition (A. & C. Black); the third edition of Dr. Thomas Dutton's useful little treatise, *Sea-Sickness, Voyaging for Health*, &c. (Kimpton); and the seventh edition of *Elocution*, by G. W. Baynham (Blackie & Son).

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Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, and Published by ALFRED GUTHBERT DAVIES, at the Office, No. 25 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London. - Saturday, October 15, 1892.